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The Weight of a New Broom

THREE YEARS AGO, WILLIAM PEARSON READ A BRIEF PAPER TO A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM OF ST LUKE'S CHURCH. THAT PAPER WAS THE INITIAL FORCE THAT SET WINNIPEG HOUSE-CLEANING AND INAUGURATED A MOVEMENT THAT WILL AFFECT ALL THE CITIES OF WESTERN CANADA

By A. Vernon Thomas

Illustrated from Photographs

WINNIPEG felt sick and called in a specialist. The expert came, made an examination and pronounced it to be a complicated case of congestion and cramps, insufficient lung space, poor circulation and arterial obstruction. The cause he pronounced to be unscientific growth.

For the fact is that Winnipeg in her feverish desire to grow, only to grow, was not in the least concerned to grow properly and healthfully, to develop sanely. Her mad passion for evidences of her expansion, her insistent demand for figures to prove growth, and only growth, be it by building permits, or by bank clearances, or by customs receipts, or by pavement mileage, or peradventure by the price of vacant land, any process of growth demonstration, have blinded her to the fact that cities cannot live by growth alone.

SMALL BOYS ON THE "GIANT STRIDE" IN ONE OF WINNIPEG'S NEIGHBOURHOOD PLAYGROUNDS

How many sighs have Winnipeggers in these later days heaved to Heaven that railways were ever allowed to make a bee-line through the heart of their city. How often have the millions been counted which Winnipeg would have saved if the railway companies had been compelled to enter and leave the city by one common right-of-way. How many tempers have been lost when angry citizens and reluctant railway companies have wrangled over subways, bridges, land damages and fifty other highly contentious matters!

Of course it is the old story. Nobody wants anybody else's experience. We all insist upon buying our own. Winnipeg could have looked around and seen the mess which Toronto made of her harbor front, or the worse mess which Chicago made of hers. Or a look could have been taken at Montreal, now trying to wriggle out of its nightmare of narrow streets.

London, with its great hives of world's workers cramped into a mediaeval labyrinth, was a clarion cry to new communities to plan and control their growth. Two and a half centuries ago London lost her great opportunity. For in 1666, the year after the Great Plague, when the Great Fire almost wiped the city off the map, Sir Christopher Wren besought his fellow-citizens to abandon the old building lines and plan a city worthy of its rank and reputation. But they refused to hear him and London once more assumed its ancient and mediaeval dress. To-day Londoners are spending millions and millions of pounds sterling to let the life blood flow freely through "all that mighty heart."

If space permitted one could dwell on the example of Paris, where, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Baron Haussmann had to overcome a mountain of obstacles to help make Paris the magnificent city that it is to-day.

Winnipeg heeded none of these things. Like Topsy, she was content merely to grow, and growing, mere growing, became a habit. As we have seen, the habit got so bad that a specialist had to be called in. We heard the diagnosis, but what was the remedy? Town-planning! Those are

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the words that have been in the air in Winnipeg for the past two or three years. Citizens are catching the sound. The words are being conjured with and the people are slowly but surely getting the vision.

The growth of such a movement is slow and attended with many difficulties. Much, of course, has been prejudiced. Vexatious conditions have been created which will not be removed for generations. Fortunately there have been splendid accidents, such, for instance, as the magnificent width of Portage Avenue and Main Street, both old and famous Indian trails. And it would be unfair to say that Winnipeg is totally without examples of forethought and artistic sense. Burrows Avenue, in North Winnipeg, with a central tree planted boulevard and tree planted boulevards abutting on the sidewalks, is one such instance of prevision, and Broadway, in the southern part of the city, with four boulevards and four rows of trees, is another excellent and worthy effort.

Almost exactly three years ago, Mr. William Pearson, the head of a large Winnipeg land firm, read a paper on "Good Citizenship" to a small but keenly attentive audience who gathered in the schoolroom of St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg. That paper was the grain of mustard seed. It was the beginning of town-planning in the metropolis of the Canadian West. A town-planning committee was formed on the spot with Mr. Pearson as chairman. It took quick grasp of the problem. A programme calling for an educational campaign on town-planning was drawn up, printed and distributed. It asked for an investigation into conditions existing in the city.

WILLIAM PEARSON, WHO STARTED THE CITY PLANNING MOVEMENT; EX-MAYOR EVANS, WHO FOSTERED IT; AND J. D. ATCHISON, AUTHOR OF THE CAPITOL APPROACH PROJECT

Co-operation was sought between the Pearson Committee and the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau—another organization with an extremely interesting story. Things moved rapidly. A joint delegation waited upon the mayor, Mr. Sanford Evans, a well-known Canadian, and laid its idea on town-planning before him. Mayor Evans revealed himself at once an enthusiastic town-planner. He assured the delegation of his entire sympathy and strongest support.

By a curious coincidence it happened that the question of town-planning was coming up in the city council that very evening. This, in itself was significant, for it meant that the unordered and sporadic growth of the city was forcing itself upon the council's attention. It was arranged at once that the delegation representing the Pearson Committee and the Industrial Bureau should wait upon the council in the evening. There was complete sympathy with the ideas of the town-planners. Mayor Evans, whose interest had been vigorously roused at the convention of the Canadian Union of Municipalities held in Montreal the previous summer, gave the delegation every encouragement. Shortly afterwards the council showed its good faith by obtaining an amendment to its charter giving it power to appoint a commission for the purpose of reporting upon a city-planning scheme.

In June, 1911, acting upon this newly-acquired power, the council appointed a city-planning commission, with Mayor Sanford Evans at its head. The commission was a strong and representative body. It included several members of the city council, a member of the Manitoba Government, a representative of Manitoba University, of the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council, of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange and of many other bodies.

Before proceeding it will be fitting to say a word as to Mr. William Pearson, the father of town-planning in the city of Winnipeg. To write of Mr. Pearson is an inspiration, for he represents a type conspicuous by its absence at the present stage of Canadian development. Coming to Manitoba thirty-one years ago from Manchester, England, where he was born and brought up, Mr. Pearson farmed for fifteen years, a few miles west of Winnipeg. Contact with the soil gave him, as it has given to others who have served their fellows, large ideas and broad concepts of human conduct, human relationship and human responsibility.

In 1899 Mr. Pearson moved into Winnipeg and has for some years been head of the land firm which bears his name. He has prospered and is to-day a wealthy man. But he has not forgotten the thoughts which came to him upon the Manitoba prairies. The ordinary satisfactions of money, ease, social position, respectability, pillardom in the church, etc., left Mr. Pearson hungry and dissatisfied. He made up his mind that his life should count for something beyond these things.

The poverty of ideals within the church depressed him. For he represents the large and growing class which is beginning to chafe at the restricted outlet offered by the church for the human sympathies of the normal

person. Mr. Pearson has an unshaken belief that the average man of means and influence is willing to do more than open pews, superintend Sunday schools or give to missions. He simply needs to be given a chance, declares Mr. Pearson.

While not enamored of any particular economic doctrine, Mr. Pearson is one of the growing band of wealthy men who are heartily ashamed of the disproportion between the protection given to money and to the things which cost money and the protection given to human life and to the things which go to make life pleasant and healthful for the common people.

So Mr. Pearson has set out to do in Winnipeg the thing which lies nearest, and that happens to be the promotion of town-planning and better housing. He is intensely interested in the subject and has made a thorough study of what has been done and is being done on both sides of the Atlantic. As far as Winnipeg is concerned, Mr. Pearson has issued his challenge and is out to fight for his ideals. He is giving freely of his time and money to further the movement. Nothing will deter him in his high resolve to improve conditions in Winnipeg. He has the pioneer instinct, looking neither for praise, nor caring for criticism and suspicion.

Yes, let the word be repeated, "suspicion." For in this present period of rapid nation-building, when material things are uppermost and insistent, many people are unable to understand what William Pearson expects to get out of an investment which, in the current sense, is neither revenue-producing nor dividend-bearing. As far as Mr. Pearson is concerned, they can keep on guessing.

It would, however, be quite unfair to create the impression that Mr. Pearson is fighting single-handed for a more beautiful, more ordered and healthier Winnipeg. Far from it. His call discovered a splendid body of citizenship, of intelligent and influential citizenship ready and anxious to join in the work.

THE LITTERED LOT WHERE THE OLD BOOT, THE TIN CAN, AND THE ANCIENT BARREL

Let us again take up the thread of events. As we have seen, in June, 1911, the Winnipeg City Council appointed a city-planning commission with the then mayor, Mr. Sanford Evans, as chairman. Upon this commission Mr. Pearson was the representative of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange, although personally he does not own a foot of land in the city except that on which his own house stands. The section of the Winnipeg charter under which this commission was appointed empowered the commission to consider and report upon a city-planning scheme, the distribution of population, and other problems relating to city organization and government.

The commission was formally appointed in October, 1911, and at once got to work. It labored for fifteen months and then drew up a detailed report. Early, it was recognized that the co-operation of adjoining municipalities must be secured. In response to invitations, representatives of St. Boniface, the French cathedral city opposite Winnipeg on the Red River, and of the rural municipalities of St. Vital, historic Kildonan, Springfield and Rosser, were added to the Commission. Six committees were appointed, Mr. Pearson taking charge of the Housing Committee. The other five committees were entrusted with the matters of social survey, traffic and transportation, river frontage and dockage, aesthetic development and physical plan.

Perhaps the work of the Winnipeg City Planning Commission cannot be better described than by quoting from the preface to the report by Mr. Sanford Evans. He writes:—

"To indicate the amount of detailed work carried through by the Commission, it may be sufficient to state that the living conditions of 2,222 houses were personally investigated by representatives of the Commission and the information obtained tabulated; that 4,212 houses were visited in order to obtain information as to the movements of population to and from employment; that real estate values in relation to rentals were worked out in several hundreds of cases; that the building by-laws of fifty cities were carefully examined and compared with conditions existing in this City; that the birth and death register at the City Hall for a period of two years was carefully analysed to arrive at the statistics of infant mortality; and that draftsmen were continuously employed for six months preparing drawings and plans for the Committees."

THE VACANT LOT AS TRANSFORMED BY THE EFFORTS OF THE CITY PLANNING CAMPAIGN INTO A FLOWER GARDEN AND MINIATURE PARK

The findings of the Commission are given in detail in the reports of the various committees. Mr. Evans, however, in his preface summarizes these findings under eighteen heads, one or two of which it may be of interest to quote. "Your Commission," says Mr. Evans, "finds unquestionably:—

"That the infantile death-rate in Winnipeg is too high and varies strikingly in different wards, proving that conditions in certain districts are unfavorable and calling for educative work along the lines of child welfare.

"That the erection of examples of 'Model Housing' should be urged upon the attention of private capital, and, failing a response from that source, upon the Civic Authorities.

"That many new highways must be planned by extending, straightening and in some cases widening existing streets and by building bridges or subways and perhaps by opening up entirely new thoroughfares.

"That, as it is certain that more railway tracks will be required within the City and in the future new railways will seek to enter the City, this problem should be carefully studied without delay with a view to indicating, in justice to the citizens and in the interests of the railways, the areas in which such development can take place to the greatest general advantage.

"That there is a more urgent duty upon private citizens and upon the civic authorities in Winnipeg, than in many other places of more striking and varied natural location, to create by architecture and by the landscape gardener's art pleasing vistas in the streets, effectively breaking wherever possible, by an attractive resting place for the eye, an otherwise vacant stretch of straight and level roadways."

One of the most important things dealt with by the Commission was the proposal of Mr. J. D. Atchison, a Winnipeg architect, to form a civic centre, with the new parliament buildings, now in course of construction at a cost of between two and three million dollars, as a base. This proposal was gone into very fully by a joint committee composed of the aesthetic development, the traffic and transportation and the physical plan committees of the Commission. In its report this joint committee stated:—

"Winnipeg is now facing an opportunity for creating a Civic Centre, which is without parallel in the history of town planning movements, in that there is not a single obstacle in the way under existing conditions. The Provincial Government is about to commence work on the Capitol building, which will be without doubt, the finest in the Dominion, and the citizens of Winnipeg will soon be obliged to build a City Hall in keeping with the City's importance as the capital of Manitoba and the commercial centre of Western Canada."

To carry out the scheme it was proposed to build a capitol approach by creating a mall or plaza 154 feet in width between Portage Avenue and Broadway. Off Broadway, at the southern end of the mall, were to be the new parliament buildings and at the northern end, in the vicinity of Portage Avenue, was to be the new city hall. The actual scheme, now taking definite shape, has been slightly modified, but is substantially the same. The joint committee suggested that the entire control of the mall, including the property on either side, be placed in the hands of a commission.

Great interest has been taken in this approach scheme by prominent citizens. Ex-Mayor Evans, speaking at a public meeting in Winnipeg, said.—

"When the provincial government decided that it needed new offices it could have obtained all the actual accommodation necessary by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars. It has been decided, however, that legislative buildings worthy of the province shall be erected, and hundreds of thousands of dollars expended on ornamentation.

"As the competition for plans for the new building was thrown open to the architects of the whole British Empire, and as the plans were adjudicated on by the president of the British Architects' Association it is a justifiable assumption that the building will be the best obtainable within the bounds of the Empire. Having once obtained a good thing it is the duty of the City of Winnipeg to display it to the best advantage. The new buildings will not be properly appreciated if they have to be 'peeked' at from an angle. It is necessary that distance and vista be provided."

"If Winnipeg takes hold of the problem and solves it the achievement will be talked of all over the world and more tourists will be attracted to see the capitol approach than will come to Winnipeg for any other attraction. But besides its advertising value the capitol approach will have an advantageous effect on the citizens themselves, accustoming them to the sight of beautiful buildings, instead of more utilitarian structures."

It is obvious that the difficulties connected with this capitol approach scheme are enormous. The question of expense, especially at the present time, is perhaps the chief obstacle. Nevertheless the proposal is being vigorously pushed and the scheme will, in all probability, be carried out. At this writing (Jan. 31, 1914) a bill sponsored by Mr. Lendrum McMeans, M. P. P., chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association, the successor of the Winnipeg City Planning Commission, is before the Manitoba legislature. It empowers the provincial government to appoint a Capitol Approach commission, to study the whole question and particularly the financial side of it.

Already the City of Winnipeg has passed a by-law providing for what is called excess condemnation in connection with the scheme. That is to say the city council, or the Capitol Approach commission if appointed, can expropriate, over and above the land required for the actual mall, 300 feet on either side of it. The idea is that this abutting property, greatly increased in value by the laying out of the mall, should be sold by the city to provide funds for the improvement.

It should be explained that after presenting its report to the mayor and council the Winnipeg City Planning Commission dissolved. To preserve continuity, however, and to press for the carrying out of the recommendations of the Commission a voluntary body, previously referred to, and entitled the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association, was formed. It has to-day some twelve hundred members, including many of Winnipeg's best citizens.

At this writing the Association is keenly interested in two bills before the Manitoba legislature. One of these is the Capitol Approach bill,* already referred to, and the other is a measure to encourage the building of houses in towns and cities. This bill, like the other one, is being sponsored by Mr. McMeans, chairman of the Association's legislative committee. Perhaps there is no problem more insistent in Winnipeg, or more vital, than the provision of cheap houses. High rents, high cost of construction, high cost of land near the city, are hardy perennials in the discussion of Winnipeg's social and economic problems.

The Housing bill now before the Manitoba legislature is framed upon and is virtually a copy of the Hanna Act of Ontario, of 1913, an act which has produced excellent results in Toronto. Briefly, the bill provides for the guaranteeing by any Manitoba town or city, up to 85 per cent. of the bonds of building companies. The guaranteeing municipality must be represented on the board of the company and the latter may not earn more than six per cent. upon the capital invested. Net profits over and above six per cent. must be used in the acquisition of further land for improving the housing accommodation already provided, or for the redemption of capital stock.

The bill will pass, of course, and it is altogether likely that the coming spring will see the completion of plans to take advantage of it. As in Toronto, some of the best citizens can be counted upon to assist in the application of the act. Concurrently with the efforts being put forth by the town-planners to provide cheaper and better housing in Winnipeg, the advocates of the single tax are energetically preaching their gospel. They have recently succeeded in persuading the city council so to amend its charter that a referendum on the question of the single tax can be taken in Winnipeg. In the near future this referendum will probably be taken.

The coming spring will also see some easement of the acute housing situation in Winnipeg through the creation of a model labor village a few miles to the north of the city. Full details of an elaborate scheme to build a garden

* *Note*—Since the foregoing was written, the Capitol Approach Bill has been set aside by the Manitoba Legislature. This, however, does not mean that the scheme has been abandoned. Its promoters are still busy trying to influence public opinion in its favor.

ALTHOUGH THIS SCENE RESEMBLES A VISTA ALONG THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES, IT IS ACTUALLY PART OF THE PRAIRIE CITY OF WINNIPEG. THE CITY PLANNING IDEA TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ALL NATURAL BEAUTIES OF RIVER AND WOODLAND

city for workingmen on the banks of the Red River between Winnipeg and Selkirk were recently made public. The scheme has gained the hearty approval of the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council and many more applications for houses in the garden city have been received than can possibly be granted.

Another important project which the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association has very much at heart is one which the Association's name suggests, viz., the laying down and establishing of a physical plan for the future growth of the city. Such a plan to be of any use would, of course, have to have the sanction of law. Town-planning legislation of this kind has already passed in the Canadian provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. As almost everyone knows, the principle of town-planning is deeply rooted in Germany where most of the cities are planned for long years ahead. The principle has also found wide acceptance in the United Kingdom and in the United States.

Petitions now in course of circulation in Winnipeg request the city council to obtain the legislation necessary for the laying down of a physical plan. When this authorization is obtained—and there is no doubt that it will be—the city will probably employ expert town-planners to draw up a physical, or, as it is often called, a superimposed plan. This is simply a large map showing the lines and directions of future growth. Railway entrances will be provided for, arteries of traffic, public squares and parks, while neighborhood centres, créches, community wash-houses, comfort stations, recreation grounds, etc., will be planned on up-to-date principles.

Most important of all, perhaps, the superimposed plan will set apart sites for public schools. All sub-divisions will, of course, have to take cognizance of this physical plan and will have to meet its requirements as to streets, school sites, park sites and all community needs. Land needed by the city will be acquired by expropriation, but no fancy prices or speculative values will be paid. The price will be the price obtaining when the plan was filed, plus interest. This will permit the opening of new streets, etc., without incurring the present enormous expense of so doing.

These are some of the big things which the Winnipeg Housing and Town Planning Association has in hand and on behalf of which it is conducting a campaign of popular education. Nor has the immediate present been forgotten. For a couple of summers past, and particularly last summer, the Association did a splendid

Continued on page 130.

On the Wings of the Swallow

WHEREIN THE INSIDIOUS GAME OF GOLF, THE SWIFTEST AEROPLANE IN THE WORLD, AND A WOMAN'S BRIGHT EYES PLAY THE DEUCE WITH "DAREDEVIL TIM" RAINEY

By Frederick Palmer

Author of "Danbury Rodd, Aviator" etc.

Illustrated by
Edwin F. Bayha

HE FLEW SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT, SEEING A GIRL'S FACE ALL THE WAY

AN electrician peels the insulation off a severed copper wire, ties the ends, and a bell rings with unbroken titter down the line. Then he fixes the push button and the bell rings only when you tell it to.

That process of repair is perfectly simple until you substitute human nerves for wires and the alienist takes the place of the electrician. In Tim Rainey's case it was golf—or, to be more exact, golf and Eunice Walker—that severed the connection. He knotted the ends himself, without calling in an expert. But the bell which he set ringing had no push button control. It drowned all other sounds on the switchboard.

Nature had blessed Tim with genius and limitations. She never meant that he should have a golf club in his hand. Golf set all those nerve wires writhing and arguing. The touch of an aeroplane's lever and the feel of cloud mist on his face made them work in beautiful unison. He was a born aviator, whom Danbury Rodd—still in this year 1917 the foremost aviator of the day—had found a mechanic in his shops and trained for higher things.

There was no work too trying, no risk too great for Tim. Rodd loved him no less for his freckle-faced, sandy-haired, transparent-natured self than for his skill. When Rodd had any difficult task leading to adventure or to profit which he could not spare the time to perform in person, he turned it over to Tim. Fortune and prizes came fast to the cub, who banked the sums that flowed in, without thought of investment. Some time he would take a holiday and have a regular devil of a time spending his pile, he said.

Perhaps it would be still more exact to include Parker Worthington with golf and Eunice Walker in severing the connection. Worthington had begun golf soon after he was out of the creeping stage by putting across the carpet at the table legs. He had nothing to do but play all his life, except, incidentally, to go through a university. And he was courting Eunice by means of golf.

Eunice was a type of the outdoors girl who could make as unconsciously clever use of her fingers in brushing back a wild strand of hair before she made a drive as indoors girls can of theirs in adjusting a hatpin or running a piano scale. Yes, Eunice knew how. The day after he met her, Tim had a set of clubs, and the next day she was giving him a lesson. Worthington appeared in the course of that lesson and in the course of most of the lessons that followed. He offered no advice, but looked on at Tim's struggles in curious wonder.

There were moments when Tim longed to entice Worthington aboard an aeroplane for a flight in which he would clip off the limbs of trees, nick church steeples, and shooting up five thousand feet, descend as tipsily as a sheet of paper falling out of a sky-scraper window. But it was part of his quixotic stubbornness and chivalry, under the spell of his double infatuation, to meet Worthington on his own ground—to beat him at his own game.

A Tim Rainey in love was a Tim Rainey without any sense of proportion. He loved with the glory of flight and the actions of folly. He saw golf as the only way to Eunice's heart. How could he have the courage to propose when he could not hit a little ball nicely placed on a tiny hill of sand? How hard it was to look at that little ball when her face was so near him!

The real truth was that he did not like golf. It was torture. But he read all the books, he practiced in secret, applied the principles of physics and psychology, laboring determinedly and earnestly, his goal the day when he should make clean drive after clean drive and turn in a better score than Worthington. And Eunice liked to watch him play; but that might be said of anyone whose sense of pathos did not altogether eclipse his sense of humor.

He was improving fast and in a most confident frame of mind when the call from Labrador intervened. That trip was the worst he ever had had, a continual hammer-beat of exasperation and hazard. He found the famished exploring party making their semi-weekly meal off their bootlegs, and taking the weakest one first, he bore the whole emaciated lot, one by one, to safety on the coast.

"Congratulations, my wonder-child!" Rodd wired him. "Take a good rest at St. John's before returning."

Tim did nothing of the kind. He flew southward through the night, seeing a girl's face all the way, and arrived at his own landing station soon after daybreak.

"I made it!" said Tim triumphantly, not thinking of the rescued explorers, but that he was on hand for the golf tournament which began that morning.

"I suppose you are playing against Worthington," said Rodd, looking sharply at Tim's pale, drawn features.

"Yes, I am!" answered Tim defiantly, gulping the hot coffee which one of the attendants brought. The trembling of his fingers in the reaction from hours of vigil made the cup beat a tattoo against the saucer.

"You know what effect golf has on you when Worthington is in the neighborhood," Rodd warned Tim. "You say each time you go out there, that this is the time it won't, but it always does. You are in no state to stand the strain of such recreation to-day. Go to sleep, I tell you, and to-morrow go down to the seashore and play in the sand and imagine you are a clam for a week—one whole, idle week—or after this I won't trust you to take mayors and millionaires up for little circuits around the field."

And Tim, with a twitchy smile, thanked Rodd and resolutely called for his golf clubs.

Eunice and Rodd formed the gallery of two following the memorable and tragic exhibition of that morning. Worthington was in the pink of condition. While Tim had had two cups of coffee and one piece of toast after being up all night, Worthington, knowing the physiologic and psychologic effects of the juice of a single coffee bean on your put, had drunk nothing but malted milk for breakfast and had eaten three dishes of Flaky Toast Dreams. Four would have been too many; three were just enough. His swing was rhythmic; his face as calm as we imagine Plato's might have been after an evening meal al fresco in pleasant weather.

Tim had the expression of Israel Putnam rushing Fort Ticonderoga. His stiff sinews and joints were working at cross purposes. He used his driver as if it were a sledge-hammer, his putter as if it were a curling iron. He sliced, foozled, pulled and ran his hands through his sandy hair desperately, in keeping with the charm of his earnestness, sincerity and simplicity of character.

If he had not been so earnest and sincere he might have known that this was not the way to win a girl. Eunice was smiling all the time—encouragingly, she said. When Tim looked up he tried not to look at her face. When he looked down he could not see the ball.

"Isn't he too funny?" she whispered to Rodd. She was paying no attention at all to Worthington's playing.

Rodd was boiling at the sight of a great pilot of the air being made ridiculous by a petty, pottering, earthly, silly game, fit only for kangaroos and jumping beetles.

"No, he is a man!" he said grittily. "It is golf that's funny."

Eunice shrugged her shoulders, quivering with merriment, and afterwards surveyed Rodd in the superior manner of a don coming down to the primer class.

"Golf," she announced, with impressive solemnity, "is a serious matter, a test of all-round qualities."

"Such as a pancake has! Well, if this cures him it is all I ask," he replied. Then she could have all the courses in the country and Worthington too; though it was a pity that she should throw herself away, he thought with a twinge, on that empty, unwired human structure which had never had an emotion.

"Why, I wouldn't have Tim cured for anything," she said. "It might change him—spoil him."

Tim was eight down at the eighth hole, frazzled but still fighting. He got a decent drive off the ninth—his first one—but he sliced into the swamp with his brassie. It was all up. He was routed, goose-egged, humiliated. He watched his ball sink among the cat-tails and regarded his club head as if it had been a cobra's expanded hood. The others guessed his sulphuric thought, which, happily, was denied profane voice in public shame. What they did not know was that this slice had severed a nerve wire, and he was his own electrician, scraping the insulation off the ends.

When, finally, he did look up, his sandy features had the calm of a hot sunset and the same decided manner of withdrawing from the scene. He called for his bag, and taking out the balls, said:

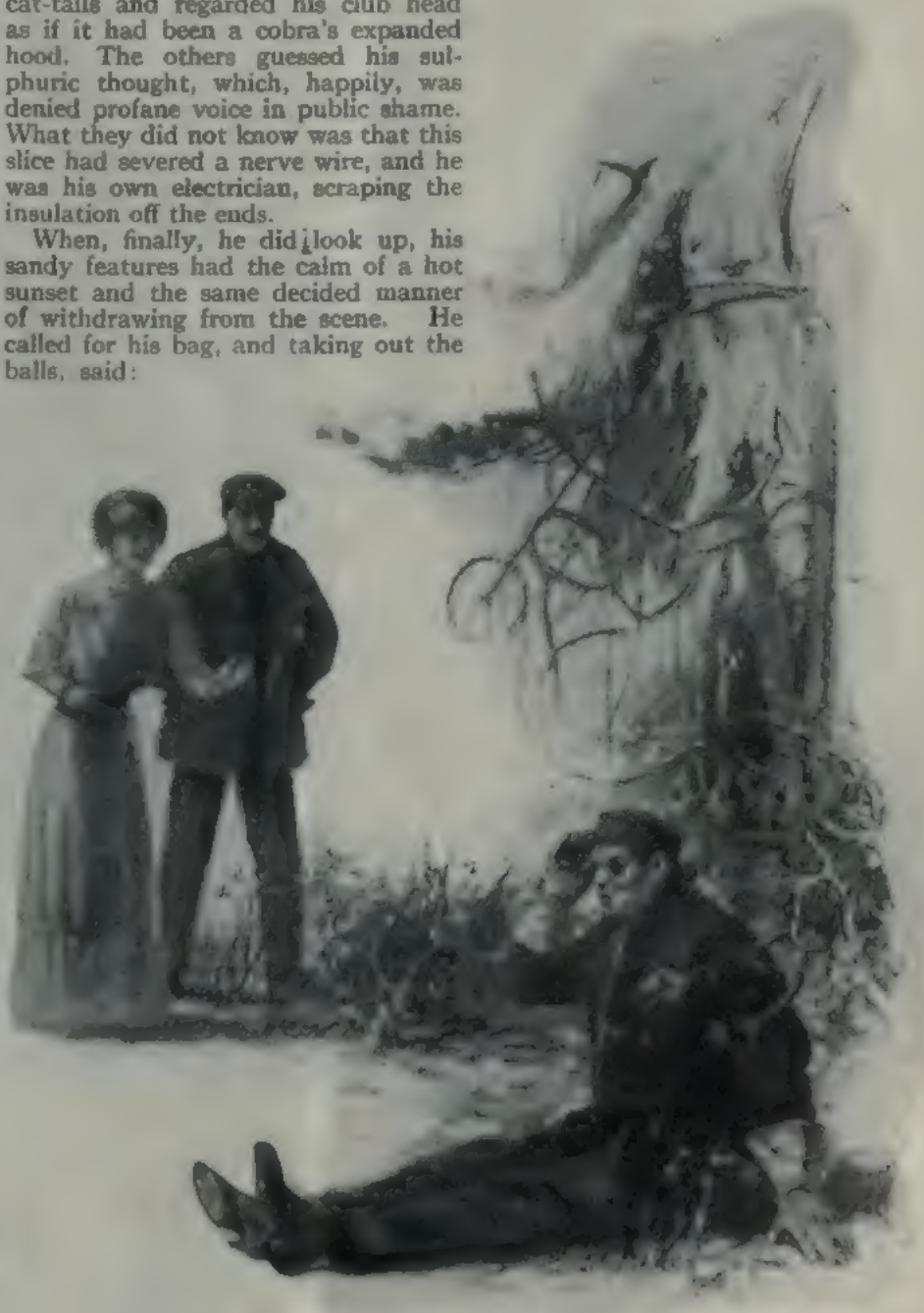
"I can throw them, anyway. Join your brother, fiends! It's evidently where you want to go. I won't try to keep you any longer."

After them went his clubs in so many whizzing cartwheels.

"As for the bag," he told the caddy, "take it home for an umbrella stand for your mother, or an ash-bucket. Perhaps an ash-bucket is better."

He laughed in a far-away, rattling fashion. He made a wrenching gesture—and it was then that he must have tied the ends of the wires together and the bell began ringing down the line. Without a word he set off across the fairway toward the aero-station.

"Extraordinary!" said Parker



"IT'S EIGHT DOWN," HE WAS SAYING DAZEDLY, "BUT IF I GET A GOOD BRASSY, I MAY DO THAT [illegible]

Worthington—a remark safe, correct and characteristic.

Eunice did not notice that he had spoken. Puzzled and frowning, she stared after Tim.

"But, Tim—Tim!" she called.

Unless he had grown deaf he must have heard her, yet he did not even glance back over his shoulder.

When she understood that he was not going to answer, that he was going without a word like one suddenly bereft of all knowledge of present surroundings, with his mind set on another goal, she seemed to lose her temper.

"You—you," she began at Rodd, "you've spoiled everything!" And then she turned red and bit her lip over her own words.

"Spoiled your sport with a man destined for greater things!" answered Rodd, who, out of some instinctive fear on Tim's account, found no humor in the situation. If ever a girl had disgusted him she had. She seemed capable of something worth while, but when you were most expecting an illustration she disappointed you.

"No! no! You don't understand!" he heard her saying as he hastened after Tim, who was racing along at heel-and-toe gait.

No one knew so well as Danbury Rodd that the more complicated the machine which man invents, the more complicated he must be to run it. A single screw off a piano-wire brace or a little extra pressure on one of the blood-vessels of the head and there is a tragedy.

The aero-station was hidden by a bend in the road and when Rodd turned it he saw that Tim had his machine out of the shed preparatory to flight. He was in the seat, a sinuous, high-strung, dynamic figure, wonderful now, in his own kingdom. He gave his old master a look, piercing, quizzical, supernatural, centering with a kind of telescopic intensity on the distant skyline. He seemed a being projected out of its mortal frame—nothing but eyes and some wild force behind them.

"You suggested clams and the seashore," he said, in a voice that was in keeping with his appearance, a voice trickling, distant, detached, speaking to the mountain-tops. "I go you one better. I'm off to the coral reefs of Bermuda to imagine that I'm a golden glowfish, and I'll blow up in atomic particles of sunrise and be dissipated in the heavens. Raindrops to the ocean! Star-dust to the stars! Chaos stirred with a putter! Good-by!"

The motor sounded his farewell. Rodd had sprung forward in alarm, only to spring back as the brace-ends brushed his coat.

"It isn't the aviation screw that is loose," he thought, as he saw the Swallow, Tim's plane, sweeping upward and feeling for the right strata before it chose its course at terrific speed a thousand feet above the earth. "I ought to have thrown myself in front of him! There's the devil working in his mind—yes, I ought, even if it had broken my arm and smashed the plane! I might chase him—" But by that time the Swallow was little larger than its namesake, melting into a gathering cloud.

Rodd turned on himself for his stupidity. He who had met so many emergencies with instant action had been thrown into a coma of conjecture at the sight of his beloved Tim—his genius of the clouds—gone stark, staring mad.

It was barely twenty-four hours' run, in anything like average weather, for a plane to Bermuda in the year 1917. A week passed, with no report of Tim's arrival to searching cables of inquiry.

"Bermuda was a ruse," Rodd tried to reassure himself. "Tim has simply awakened to his condition, that's all. He's gone to some unknown spot to fish and hunt, and he will fly back to the shed one of these days, right as rain."

One morning, soon after this, when Rodd landed at the station on the roof of the Great Century Hotel, he had information from an unexpected quarter.

"Everything was in good running shape when Mr. Rainey left here," said the liveried attendant. "His auxiliary tank was full to the last drop of its capacity. Why, he had enough gasoline to take him to Panama."

"Left here?" inquired Rodd greedily, believing that he was to hear something which would prove the correctness of his theory.

"Yes, on his way to Bermuda," answered the attendant.

"How long did he stop?"

"About fifteen minutes, I should say. He went out on some errand."

Where? Of course the attendant did not know. It would take about fifteen minutes for Tim to reach his bank, Rodd reasoned. He hastened there and learned from the cashier that Mr. Rainey had withdrawn his entire deposit, amounting to some forty thousand dollars, in cash.

"Naturally, it is unusual for anyone to carry that amount of currency about in these days," said the cashier, "but of course I did not ask any questions."

There was nothing further to learn from him except that Tim had said he did not want gold, as that would be too heavy to carry on a long aeroplane trip.

"Yes, he had a package under his arm, when he returned," said the Great Century attendant when he was questioned further. "I remember, now I come to think of it, that he said, 'Nothing like plenty of lubricant,' when he stowed the package in the aluminum tool chest."

"How was he looking?" Rodd inquired.

"Why, well and gingery as ever; perhaps a little tired. He got away at once."

Some skippers reported bad weather on the Bermuda path, tending to support the theory of the press of "another plane lost at sea"—that kind of news had already lost its novelty—which was corroborated definitely when a fisherman picked up a bottle off the Jersey coast containing this message in Tim's handwriting.

"Pretty blowy. Hope the main plane rods are not going to buckle on me. If they do, it's good-bye everybody from T. Rainey."

Stardust to the stars! Drops of water to the ocean! Thus Tim had gone and with him all his earnings! Aviation was a game with death; but Tim, in his youth, his eccentricity, his charm and boyish sincerity, deserved a better fate. It was like the loss of a brother to Rodd.

When he met Eunice Walker on the street, he found himself gripping his resentment toward her as the cause of Tim's ruin, lest it should break out in a storm of reproach to all flirts. He hoped to pass her with a bow, but she stepped fairly in front of him and he had to parley.

"How is golf?" he asked lightly, looking down the street as if he were missing an engagement.

"I haven't played lately," she answered, in a strained voice, "not since"—there her voice was breaking, he might have observed if he had cared to.

He interrupted her almost harshly, determined that she should not bring up the subject of Tim. She was unworthy to mention his memory, he thought.

"And Worthington?" Rodd continued.

"Oh, he's gone abroad. He—and Tim? Tim?" she demanded suddenly.

"He has not played lately, either," said Rodd, in bitter sarcasm; and then the misery of her question was borne in on him. He looked into her eyes, which were swimming, and saw the lids drop while her hand went out to his arm as if to steady herself under his punishing blow.

A mortal change had come over the girl. He could see now what lay underneath her golf manner. It shone resplendent out of her being. Recovering herself she spoke with a brave confidence the one idea which

still gave him private hope against all skepticism.

. . . . . .

"I don't believe he is dead! It's something else—perhaps it's more terrible," she said. "Tim would not have thought of writing any note. He is too intense, too much the man of action, to be hunting pencil and paper in a blow. No, his one thought would have been to keep that main rod from buckling. There is nothing you can do—nothing?"

"Only wait," he answered gently.

"Nothing!" she repeated dismally. "Oh, you didn't understand how I felt about Tim, and I did not know what a fool I was!" And, as if afraid of her own words, disconsolately, brokenly, confusedly, she turned away.

"Women!" mused Rodd. "Long after we know all about the air-currents we shall still be studying them!"

Ever since flight had begun, one startling possibility had dwelt in the back of Danbury Rodd's head. It was the anarchy of mischief which a clever, irresponsible aviator in the full development of the science might loose if he chose. Three weeks after Tim Rainey had sliced with his brassy for the last time came a sensation that awakened the police forces of the world to their earth-tied clumsiness.

"HOLD FAST!" CRIED RODD, AND SHE OPENED HER EYES TO SEE THE WRECK OF THE SWALLOW LYING TANGLED AMONG THE TOPS OF THE PINES BELOW THEM

On that memorable hot morning in August when the players in all our broad land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as the orators say, were dreaming of a week-end on the links, light sleepers among the residents in the immediate vicinity of the Sherbrooke course were awakened by a series of low explosions, which, if they had counted, would have numbered exactly eighteen. The greenkeepers who went on duty at seven found that all the putting greens had been transformed into "traps," as it were. Every hole was the center of a basin of pulverized earth and sand.

We have the opinion of Colonel Thayer, of the ordnance (retired)—who would have made an eighty once if General Smith had not ruined his put on the seventeenth by humming an air—that the work could not have been done better if the greens had been charged with an explosive and regularly wired to a central station. Two neighboring courses, the Wawamis and the Totoket, had suffered the same ravages, presumably by the same unseen hand. On Sunday morning it was the turn of three other courses; on Monday, which was also a holiday, of five.

Its reputation as a promoter of blue oaths which golf had won was sustained by a rising, nation-wide chorus. This was villainy, felony, assassination, an interference with the right of any citizen to lose as many seventy-five cent golf balls as he chose.

The Golf Association had a president who acted promptly. He was the author of that ringing phrase, "If you hesitate too long between the mashie and the spoon you will foozle anyway," one which will skim over the bunkers of history with "We have met the enemy and they are ours." He sent out notices that all greenkeepers should be armed and report for duty at three a.m.

But Tuesday, not being a holiday, passed without further destruction. So did Wednesday. On Wednesday night golf-players slept better, and on Thursday morning most of them were able to proceed with their business without outbursts of incoherency which made young lady stenographers blush. A peaceful Friday lulled them into

Continued on page 141.

The Silver King

REVIVED IN LONDON TO CELEBRATE THE KNIGHTING OF THE PLAYWRIGHT BY KING GEORGE. IT WAS WRITTEN WHEN SIR HENRY WAS A YOUNG AUTHOR SEEKING RECOGNITION IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD AND WON HIM HIS FIRST SUCCESS AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE IN 1882. STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT FROM THE POLITE COMEDIES BY WHICH HE IS GENERALLY KNOWN, IT IS FULL OF THE RED BLOOD AND SWIFT EMOTIONS OF YOUTH. IT IS HERE RETOLD IN STORY FORM BY THE PLAYWRIGHT'S OWN SON, RECENTLY A SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST IN WESTERN CANADA

By Sir Henry Arthur Jones

Retold by his son, Lucien Arthur Jones

PATACAKE had won the English Derby, beating Blue Ribbon by a short head. Just those few inches between the two horses meant final ruin for Wilfred Denver. And Geoffrey Ware, former suitor of Nelly, Denver's wife, was glad. Nelly would now surely recognize the difference between her husband, a drunken, gambling sot, and himself, commonly believed a respectable hardworking engineer. To the world, that was the kind of man Geoffrey Ware was. To the under-world—well, its denizens knew better.

Ware strolled down to "The Wheatsheaf Inn," just off the Strand, a snug little place frequented by crooks of every description. There Denver night by night for the past few years had slowly seen his fortune slip away from him. Ware chuckled as he hurried along to hear the gratifying details of Denver's last attempt to get square.

"Well, what about Denver?" he asked Bilcher, one of the racing crooks.

"Doubled up this time and no mistake. Went a smasher on Blue Ribbon and lost everything. Owes me a hundred besides."

Ware laughed cynically.

"You're sure you cleaned him out?" he said.

"He's through this time. Thanks for introducing him to me."

"How did he take it?"

"Oh, tried to laugh it off. He's pretty well drunk. He was drunk when we started."

"Well, I'll come back here and have a look at him later on," said Ware.

"Wilfred Denver ruined," he thought to himself as he walked slowly down the Strand to his lodgings. "Now, Nelly Hathaway, I think you will find you made a slight mistake when you threw me over for him."

Back in the bar-room of "The Wheatsheaf" comments on Wilfred Denver's luck were being frequently passed. "Poor fellow," said Tubbs, the fat landlord, "I feel downright sorry for him. He's a good-hearted young fellow is Mr. Denver."

"When he's sober," said one of the drinkers.

"And that ain't been for the last six months," remarked Bilcher dryly.

"Why I've seen——" The rest of his remarks were lost in the clink of glasses. Old Jaikes, the faithful family retainer of the Denver family for two generations, had entered. He belonged to the type that is fast disappearing in England. Jaikes looked around for his master.

Tubbs nodded salute. "You must give him a little extra time to-night, Jaikes," he said.

"Ah, but he'll be early to-night," replied Jaikes. "He promised the missus he would, and I want to ketch him and pop him off to bed quietlike afore she sets eyes on him, d'ye see?"

"He's been going the pace a bit lately, ain't he?"

"Well, he's a bit wild, but there's no harm in him. It's in his blood. His father was just like him when he was a young man. Larking, drinking, hunting, fighting—out all night and as fresh as a daisy in the morning. And his grandfather before him. There was a man if you like. Never went to bed sober for ten years, except once when the groom locked him in the stable all night by mistake."

There was a general laugh at Jaikes' account of Denver's grand-parent.

"Never mind, he's all right!" said Jaikes.

"Yes, I'm alri'." Denver had rolled into the bar to overhear the last part of his servant's conversation. "I'm alri,'" he repeated. "I'm as drunk as a fool, and I've lost every cursed penny I have in the world."

"Did you back the wrong horse, Mr. Denver?" asked Tubbs.

"No, I backed the right horse, but the wrong horse won."

"Well, you seem pretty merry over it," said Bilcher.

"Yes, Bilcher, quite merry. I've lost my money, and to-morrow I shall lose your acquaintance. I'm satisfied with the bargain."

Old Jaikes had been listening to the conversation with a sorrowful expression on his face. "Come on, Master Will," he said, "you'd better come home."

"Home," cried Denver. "What should I go home for? To show my wife what a drunken brute she has for a husband? I've got no home. I've drunk it up. Get home with yourself."

Old Jaikes left. Persuasion, he felt, in Denver's condition was useless.

Denver watched Jaikes go. Then he furtively drew a revolver from his pocket. "There's always one way of doing it," he said to himself.

Baxter,, a detective, who had been drinking at the bar, watched Denver. He crossed over and spoke to him in a low voice. "If you don't know what to do with that give it to me," he said.

"I know what to do with it," said Denver, as he slipped it into his pocket again.

The bar-room was fast filling up. Sports back from the Derby were pausing to have a final drink.

'Enery Corkett, Geoffrey Ware's clerk, was amongst these. He was flush with five hundred pounds. He had conveniently borrowed eighty pounds from Ware's safe. He had won, and to-night he would "repay" the money.

"I'll play you billiards for any old sum you like," said Denver to Corkett. He was hoping that his luck would turn. "Come on," said Corkett. A crowd followed the pair into the billiard room, leaving the bar empty. Baxter alone remained behind. Two persons were just entering in whom he was very much interested. They were Captain Herbert Skinner, gentleman crook, better known as "The Spider," and Eliah Coombe, receiver of stolen goods.

"A big fortune for us all," whispered Coombe to the former. "A sackful of diamonds in Hatton Garden. No danger, and as safe as saying your prayers."

"How do we get in ?" asked Skinner.

"Through the wall of the next house."

Meanwhile Corkett had returned from the billiard room. "Beat 'im proper, I did," he cried in a swaggering voice, "What'll you 'ave ?"

"Coombe," said "The Spider," "just relieve that young fool of his wad, while I throw Baxter off the scent."

Coombe sidled up to Corkett and deftly picked his pocket.

"Now, gents," said Corkett, "we'll 'ave a bottle of champagne." He reached to his pocket for his money He stopped short suddenly. "Here !" he cried. "Somebody has stolen my money. I'm ruined, you know, I'm ruined !" he cried piteously.

"I know who got it," said Tubbs. He described Baxter, who had left on the trail of Skinner.

"Come on," said Coombe, "We'll get him."

The two brushed against Ware as he entered to gloat over the downfall of his rival

"Well, well," he said in a tone of assumed cordiality. "How are you ?"

"I'm three parts drunk and the rest mad, Geoffrey Ware, so keep out of my way."

"Nonsense, you're looking fine. I'm so glad for Nelly's sake."

Denver staggered to his feet. "For whose sake ?" he questioned fiercely.

"Mrs. Denver—excuse a slip of the tongue. She was once engaged to me, you know."

"Yes," replied Denver, "and she'll stick to me through thick and thin." He cursed Ware, lashing him with fine scorn, sure in the knowledge that Nelly in no circumstances would ever become his wife

Ware laughed a reply. He had little fear of Denver. It was pleasant to prod his rival, and he continued his running fire of satirical comment.

The fire flashed in Denver's eyes as he listened to Ware. "The devil's in me to-night," he told Ware. "Take care of yourself."

Ware told him to give his best regards to Nelly. The taunt was too much for Denver. Rising from the table, he picked up his glass and dashed the contents into the other's face

Ware started back. Denver lurched forward, vowing vengeance

"Take that man away," he cried hoarsely. "Take him away before I kill him." His words were significant of what was to come.

Tubbs and Bilcher hastened forward and seized Denver. Drunk as he was, he had the strength of a giant at that moment. Then followed the anti-climax. After vainly struggling for a few moments Denver sank down with his head on the table. It was a pitiable spectacle—that of a man sunk to the lowest depths.

So Nelly found her husband, when she came in to find him, as Jaikes had done earlier in the evening. She offered no reproaches. She had merely expected it. Gently she stroked his hair as she stood over him. Denver started up as he felt the familiar touch. "You here, Nelly ?" he said. "in a place like this ?"

"My place is by your side," she replied.

"Not by a husband such as I am," answered Denver. "Go home, my darling, I will come later."

Geoffrey Ware stood by their side still smiling cynically. Again he commenced his biting words. Nelly sank to a chair. She had no reply to make. Denver pulled himself together. "You cur," he said, rushing at Ware. "You shall answer to me for this."

Nelly placed herself between them Roughly Denver brushed his wife aside. Ware, now thoroughly alarmed, ran out of the inn. Denver followed him. "I will kill you. I will kill you," he shouted hysterically as he rushed after him.

II

Naturally Corkett had not been successful in his search for his lost five hundred pounds, as he made his search with Coombe. He was beginning now to be really afraid. He had not the slightest idea how he was to repay the eighty pounds that he had "borrowed" from his employer. Prison walls were looming up in front of him. Finally he confessed his troubles to Coombe

"I'm Ware's clerk, you know," he

THE PLAYWRIGHT AT HOME IN PORTLAND PLACE

said, "and I'm pretty sure he'll be hard on me."

Coombe remarked that in all probability he would get fourteen years penal servitude. Then he said casually, "Live at 114 Hatton Garden, don't you?"

Corkett smiled assent.

"Well, I'll help you out if you care to do something for me. A friend of mine wants to take some photographic views of London by night, and he'd like the use of your employer's sitting-room for half an hour."

Corkett glanced at his friend suspiciously. He felt that it was not quite right. But he had no option in the matter. It was that or prison. "All right," he said, "I'll do what you want."

They proceeded in the direction of Ware's apartments in Hatton Garden. There was no light in the window. Evidently Ware had gone out for the evening. Everything seemed propitious. By arrangement "The Spider" and Cripps, the third member of their gang, were waiting outside. Cripps was an expert safe cracker. Corkett unlatched the door for them. "That's enough for me," he said, and he vanished quickly.

The safe containing the diamonds could be easily reached by boring through the wall in Ware's sitting-room

Skinner took off his immaculate evening dress and proceeded to business. The gang worked silently with expert touch for a few moments. A noise in the hall below interrupted them. "Quick, Coombe," whispered Skinner, "see what that is."

Coombe slid quietly downstairs. He returned a moment later.

"It's that drunken Denver," he announced. "He's swearing he'll come up and kill Ware."

Coombe and Skinner heaved a sigh of relief. "Let him come up," said the latter. "I'll soon quiet him."

Skinner and Coombe stood behind the door, while Denver entered the

Continued on page 152.

Concerning Greta Greer

Part IV.

WHEREIN SEVERAL STRANGE THINGS ARE CLEARED UP, BUT THE ANCIENT AND UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY OF LOVE REMAINS UNSOLVED

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

SYNOPSIS.—Dr. Dare, specialist in insanity and crime cases, has shipped as surgeon on a transatlantic liner, and meets Greta Greer, a tall, reserved girl invariably gowned in green. She is strangely moved on learning his chosen profession, and he becomes aware that she has some mystery weighing on her mind.

The second day out he learns that there has been a daring robbery of emeralds at Montreal, by some woman, and that they will be searched on arriving in England. Mrs. Threckmeyer, a cheerfully ungrammatical matron, Miss Kelly, a little school-teacher, who gives the impression of looking particularly well before she leaps, and Billy Cunningham, a former classmate of Dare's, and now a detective, discuss the [illegible]. Dare feels instinctively that Cunningham, at least, has his eye on Miss Greer, and determines to protect her if need should arise. Suddenly Mrs. Threckmeyer sends for Dr. Dare and Cunningham, and confides that she has just discovered Mrs. Beaufort's jewels hidden in her hand-bag, along with a note from her niece, Jean, saying that she has broken out in a new place, and wonders if her aunt will ever forgive her. Since she used to be a victim of kleptomania, Mrs. Threckmeyer is sure she has stolen the Beaufort jewels and in a fit of remorse put them in her aunt's bag. Billy Cunningham receives the news with delight, crying 'Heaven bless dear little Jean. Believe me, it's awful to be [illegible]' and rushes off to the Marconi-man. That night he dives overboard, and is rescued, jaunty and debonair as ever, refusing any explanation. Dare learns that Greta Greer is trying to fight the habit of smoking hashish, and revolves a plan to cure her. He tells her that she is suspected of the Beaufort robbery, and she is horrified. He asks her to marry him, and she asks, 'Do you—are you sure you want me?'

CHAPTER X.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Gregory Myles and Dare met in Cunningham's stateroom. He looked particularly fit after his dive the night before, although he had not, at the hour, exchanged his lavender pajamas and cerulean-tinted dressing gown for the more sombre, conventional garb society decrees. There was nowhere to sit, the chairs, couch, berth and floor being covered with papers, so the two men stood in amused silence regarding the affable Billy, who smiled benignly on them over his cup of coffee.

"Be seated, gentlemen, while I finish my breakfast! Be careful, Ellis boy, don't fold up those films—that's better, we will hang them over the electric light until we need them."

A space cleared, the captain and his companion sat down and waited for Cunningham to speak.

Wiping his lips with elaborate nicety, he began:

"I suppose you want the whole story, do you—old gossip-mongers? Well, here goes.

"About a week ago I was having a quiet, peaceful and wholly enjoyable lunch with a—well, a lady of my acquaintance,—and we were deciding just how to put in the afternoon, when I got a message calling me at once to the office. Annoyed at having to curtail our day's enjoyment I bade my companion farewell and bolted. It was nothing of great importance, except that the chief hankered for me—such a doting old chap!—and I was just preparing to sneak when every 'phone in the place got to work on the Beaufort case,—and I *was* really wanted. An hour is not much time to get data for a case like that, but with my usual energetic methods I managed to scrape some information together and catch this boat. At first, I must admit that a good deal of nasty suspicion was thrown on—" he hesitated, looking keenly at the captain. Dare supplied the name.

"Miss Greer?"

"Just so, Ellis. It looked peculiar, but I never place much dependence on appearances—not as long as there is a pictograph working."

"What is a pictograph?" asked the captain.

Cunningham pulled a suit case from under his berth and opened it. It was filled with yards of the transparent paper ordinary photo films are made of, and this paper was attached to a flat box somewhat resembling a folding

"LOOK HERE," SAID BILLY CUNNINGHAM, DISPLAYING A ROLL OF DEVELOPED PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM. "DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE PORTRAIT?"

kodak. Upon closer inspection Dare discovered that the paper was marked with quite distinct pictures

"My own invention," announced Billy with pride—"the pictograph. Something suggested by the success of the dictograph and other delicate recording machines. It is, as you see, a small, box-like machine resembling a folding kodak, only it is much thinner As a matter of fact, it is a combination of moving picture machine and camera working automatically and noiselessly There is a diminutive time lock" (he touched a small screw) "which releases a cog holding both the shutter and revolving spools. I shall not go into it very scientifically at present, for you want the rest of the story, but will merely say that I can put in a roll, set my lock for a certain time, and the machine will commence to work, taking pictures for an hour from the time set I then develop the films and make out an indisputable case."

He sorted a number of strips by holding them to the light and continued. "There were three *possible* guilty persons on board this boat—Miss Greer, Mrs. Threckmeyer and one other. Never mind why, but there were. You both will be surprised I fancy, when you hear the name of the third suspect."

Dare thought hastily of Hobson, Judson and the women at the captain's table; of a crotchety dame and her spinster daughter, of his neighbor with double chins. But Billy laughed and went on. "The pictograph can be placed almost anywhere—as long as the small opening for exposure is not covered. See?" he put it amongst the life preservers over his berth and left only the protruding button uncovered. It looked, even after close observation, like a screw head in the rack. He put it against his port hole and arranged a few strips of wood across it so that it looked like a portion of the ornamental wood work; he fixed a piece of tin in front of it and one could imagine it an ordinary meter such as are common for registering the consumption of electric light

After satisfying himself that his two listeners were assured of the unlimited advantages of his invention, Cunningham again took up the story.

"I set three machines and placed them. Miss Greer, I early discovered, was more than likely innocent."

In a very subtle manner, Billy Cunningham adopted a sort of impersonal tone not too professional to be intensely interesting, but sufficiently so to preclude any idea of impertinence on his part. If there could be a way to excuse oneself for the most intimate prying, he did so, easily and without apology. After the first revulsion of feeling that he should have looked upon what Dare considered almost sacred, the doctor listened with utmost absorption to his friend

"This photograph, by which I mean the film taken from the machine the first time Miss Greer left her stateroom, shows her presumably asleep. There are only a few variations from the recumbent position—this one showing her with a cigarette, and the last showing her annoyance when the stewardess came to the door. It was

impossible to connect her with the case after having the second roll developed —after putting two and two together, I discovered how treacherous a thing circumstantial evidence is."

Dare looked with mingled feelings at the photos. He shrank from them in much the same way that he would resent the suggestion of placing his eye to the key-hole of Greta Greer's door. At the same time they bore upon the case—not merely the Beaufort case, but his own, in so intimate a manner, that he felt he could look, and yet not stretch a point of honor.

He saw the girl arrange her room with the trophies she had spoken of—wreaths, garlands, pictures, bits of armor—she crowded them in every available way so that they could be seen from her berth; he saw her drape herself in a Grecian costume, complete even to odd bits of jewelry; he saw her carefully select a cigarette, light it and compose herself, after what was apparently a long time spent in dreaming. He saw her awakening after one of these sleeps and could feel acutely the mute tragedy of her suffering. He lost himself for a moment and did not see the pictures Billy held out to him.

"These are different—full of motion —you can almost hear the voice, can't you ?"

Dare passed the first strip to the captain and took the second from Cunningham's hand.

Instantly he recognized Mrs. Threckmeyer in her crowded, clothes-stuffed stateroom. He saw her open her gold mesh bag, surprised, then annoyed, as she took out the forgotten note and read it. Horror, terror showed next, followed by a paroxysm of weeping. There were several pictures showing her studying a newspaper or re-reading the note. Then there was one which showed her finding the bag of jewels.

"I was wild with excitement when I got that," grinned Billy. "It was, by the way, just before we had our little talk, Dare, that she went out of her room and I could get at the machine. It threw a very different light on all my well planned theories, and serious things might have happened if I had not set the other machine for the same time and got this result."

He took a large roll of films from the suit case and those from the electric light, fitting them together.

"They are," he said, "views of the stateroom belonging to one Blanche Craig, alias Lady B., alias Busy Bee, one of the cleverest 'light-fingers' of our time."

The captain took his head. "I don't know of any passenger named Craig," he said, walking to the port hole where Dare had already commenced to unroll the film. Then, with an exclamation he turned back to Cunningham.

"The Kelly woman !"

Billy laughed. "I thought you would be surprised," he said. "Between ourselves, I nearly was myself. Then anticipating many questions, Billy explained, "You know all of these crooks sooner or later make a mistake

Continued on page 134

The Man Who Used Commonsense

IN SIR WILLIAM WHYTE'S DEATH, THE WEST HAS LOST A WISE AND FAR-SIGHTED BUILDER, A BRAVE AND LOYAL SPIRIT, AND A GOOD NEIGHBOR TO ALL THE WORLD.—MANY PEOPLE SAY THE WEST'S MOST DISTINGUISHED PRIVATE CITIZEN

By John Arbuthnotte

WITH the death last month of Sir William Whyte, there passed perhaps the best loved man in public affairs in Western Canada, and certainly a man who had as much to do with the making of the country west of the Great Lakes as any one other man, not excepting the late Lord Strathcona.

When he retired from active service with the Canadian Pacific in 1912, that eminently practical and hard-headed business corporation made him a director of the company, as many said, "for sentimental reasons."

For twenty-five years, Sir William had been the western overlord of Canada's pioneer sea-to-sea railway, and he was about to retire from the position of vice-president. Three years earlier he had passed the age limit, and at that time the only reason he remained in active charge of affairs was that the company urged him to do so. He was recognized as a man of peculiar administrative genius, keen insight and sound judgment. King George had knighted him for his important part in the maintenance of an imperial highway across Canada. Many other honors had come to him. But the real reason for his appointment as a director of the Canadian Pacific, the significant thing that made it distinctive in the business world, was the recognition by that austere corporation of the value of sentiment in business. Western Canada loved Sir William Whyte, and the railway company recognized the value of that sentiment in cold dollars and cents to itself. With the rapid development of Western Canada Sir William Whyte's personal influence meant "business" to the road.

The regard in which Sir William was held by Western Canada made itself manifest at the time of his death in columns of tributes in the newspapers from almost every man of note in his own province and its western neighbors. Sir Rodmond Roblin, Sir Douglas Cameron, Sir Hugh John Macdonald, Ex-Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg, the Hon. Robert Rogers, all spoke for Manitoba and for themselves. Dozens of others representing almost all fields of human endeavor from colleges to packing-houses united in expressing their sense of personal loss and their appreciation of what Sir William's life-work meant to Western Canada. The curling clubs, the street railways, the newspaper men, the politicians, the grain men, even the police force and the harbor-masters all mourned for him and praised him. Thousands of others—the rank-and-file of the west—voicelessly grieved over the loss of a personal friend

Now such a spontaneous and country-wide tribute as this does not result from power or place or brilliant achievements alone. Sir William Whyte was through all of his life, a good neighbor to his fellows. When there was a nice question to decide in Winnipeg, where he had lived for more than twenty-five years, it was to him that the parties at issue went, and what is more, they abided by his

decision. When there was grief on the western division of the big sea-to-sea line, it was Sir William Whyte that straightened it out. And when he had once met a man, be he the Governor-General of the Dominion, or Jim Johnson who took Number Six out on the night run from Brandon, he knew that man's face and name again though he met him five years later on Yonge Street and he had grown a vandyke beard.

On the night of the dinner when Sir William resigned his vice-presidency to become a director of the Canadian Pacific, all Winnipeg turned out to do him honor. For twenty-five years he had been their friend. Most of the men at the banquet had done business with him, and they knew him for a man of remarkable executive ability, shrewdness and grasp of business. But men have had all those qualities, perhaps even in larger measure than Sir William, and their fellows hated the sight of their shoe-prints—witness, for example, Cecil Rhodes. No corporation ever gave Cecil Rhodes anything for a sentimental reason; no neighbor ever went to him to settle a difficulty; no engineer ever "let her out a piece" because he had Cecil Rhodes behind him and Cecil knew that he, Jim Johnson, was up in the cab, and had asked how his boy Dick was doing in the agricultural college. It was sentiment that gave Sir William Whyte that directorship—not cold hard business ability alone. The engine-driver or station agent who feels that he is personally known to the vice-president takes a pride in his job that a man working for that indefinite and soulless thing called "the company" never will entertain. And it was sentiment that prompted those columns of affectionate sorrow that appeared in the Winnipeg papers when the multitude of friends in every walk of life heard that Sir William Whyte had gone on into the shadow.

Sir William understood Western Canada, and understood the station-agent sitting behind his key, for he sat there once himself, long before King George's sword rattled on his shoulder. Somebody once showed him a biographical notice of himself in a "Who's Who" of famous men. He regarded it consideringly:

"WHYTE, WILLIAM. BORN SEPT. 15TH, 1843, CHARLESTOWN, FIFESHIRE, SCOTLAND; RECEIVED EARLY TRAINING NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY COMPANY; CAME TO CANADA 1863; ACCEPTED POSITION AT COBOURG, ONTARIO, WITH THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY——"

Sir William laid down the biography and ran one hand through his thick white hair, a canny Scotch twinkle lurking in his eye.

"Accepted a position," he repeated, with a touch of the Fifeshire burr in his voice. "Those are not exactly the worrds. In eighteen sixty-three I was going about with a verra thin seat to my breeches, and when I roped and threw that job of freight handler in Cobourg I was one of the most thankful lads in Canada. Accepted! Man, I *had* to have that job!"

And, looking at the shrewd, determined eyes of him, one was instantly convinced that whenever he, as "William," "Mr. Whyte," or "Sir William Whyte," felt that he had to have anything, he took it by the throat and held on until it came obediently to heel.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM WHYTE

In 1863 big railways were not standing around waiting to offer "positions" to stray Scotch youngsters, any more than they are now, and when young William was authorized to handle a baggage truck on Cobourg platform while his boss went up to the post-office to talk politics, he had only just begun. But he handled his truck well and didn't mix up his waybills, and presently he was transferred from sleepy Cobourg to Toronto. Later he became yardmaster at Toronto where the moguls backed up and backed down at the crooking of his finger, and even the profanity of the yard-engine drivers was stilled. By 1870 he was handling the night station agency at Toronto and a year later did notably good work as freight and station agent at Stratford, Ontario. In 1884 he switched from the Grand Trunk to the Canadian Pacific Railway, becoming general superintendent of the western division in 1886, his headquarters being at Winnipeg and his jurisdiction extending over 1,455 miles of main line and over 700 miles of branch line, the trackage lying mainly in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and tapping the country where the red elevator goes up ahead of the post-office when the little new towns start growing along the pushing fingers of steel.

In May, 1897, he became general manager of all the Canadian Pacific lines between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast, and in 1901 he was appointed assistant to the president and relieved from all routine work in order to look after the extension of the system in the west. In furtherance of this duty, in 1901 he made a trip through Russia over the newly-constructed Trans-Siberian Railway, and in 1903 was appointed second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Since 1886, which was the date of his advent in the West, that part of the system lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific underwent a great transformation. The chain of Canadian Pacific hotels extending across Western Canada; the huge mines of the company in British Columbia; the elevators at the lake terminals; the fleet of Empress steamers plying between Vancouver and the Orient, are a few tangible evidences of the real development of the property after it came under Sir William Whyte's jurisdiction.

At the time of the extension of his term of service his position in the business world of Western Canada was an important one. He was the directing head in Winnipeg of the Winnipeg street railway, vice-president of the Standard Trust Company, director of the Confederation Life Association, and a director of the British Columbia Southern Railway. During his entire association with the Canadian Pacific he stood consistently for business development. In 1886 the line was still in the experimental stage, and the value of investment in Canadian projects questioned by a good many apparently far-sighted business men. But Sir William knew the country, and steadily urged a continuance of the policy of expansion, advocating the construction of additional mileage and providing of better equipment. In all large commercial undertakings he took a deep interest, and in addition to furthering the interests of the railway on every occasion, he never missed an opportunity to encourage an infant industry.

At the beginning of 1911 Sir William announced the programme on the

Continued on page 131.

Spinal Maginnis, Essayist

DR TASSIE INAUGURATES A COMPETITION IN ENGLISH, AND THE "BACK ROOM" PLACES A FEW SIDE BETS

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

ADJUSTING his eye glasses precisely with his left, Dr. Tassie with his good right hand brought the fifth reader into exact position, displaying in his action that dignified accuracy which invariably compelled admiration.

Even the refractory Upper Third on the "circular bench," most of whose members had, until now, successfully resisted in the Lower Third the tyrant's high handed efforts to develop a vein of scholarship by persistent hammering at their adamantine stubbornness; even these, like the banished cavaliers, when, in exile, they saw Cromwell's pikemen charging against the flower of the infantry of Spain, could scarce restrain exclamations of enthusiasm at sight of the exceedingly good form displayed by a worthy foe. And Chummy Jones, in the spirit in which he would commend a straight bat at cricket, or a clean shot at the lacrosse goal, whispered to Satan Nixon, "Well played, indeed, sir!" causing that ever guileless youth to snicker and thereby arouse hopes among his fellows that the class would once more be treated to the spectacle, so common in their Lower Third days, of a public administration of the tawse.

But "Old Bill" evidently had something unusually absorbing on his mind, for he failed to grasp the opportunity.

With left foot advanced and his Olympian head well thrown back, he gave voice to his familiar slogan, invariable prelude to important proclamations or sentences, "Ah, h'm! h'm! h'm!" and began:

"In order to encourage in this deplorably backward class a higher conception of the beauties of literature, it is my intention to offer a prize for competition, and, in explanation of the conditions of the contest, I shall read to you from an advanced text book a masterpiece which has had a marked influence in forming the taste of many of my upper school pupils in the past, as well as, I may say, that of multitudes throughout the English-speaking world. I refer to the closing passage of the peroration of Macaulay's review of Mitford's History of Greece."

Spinal Maginnis sat up straight, feeling in his bones that something had to

"YE MICHT JUIST CA' ON ME," SAID MUNGO, SITTING BACK WITH A CONTENTED SIGH

happen when "Old Bill" selected that particular essay to point a moral. It was historic ground to Spinal, for in his Lower Third days he had scored heavily on the tyrant when coached to recite that part of it which he called "the perpetration." He still gloated over the memory of the enraptured applause of the assembled school on that occasion, which had more than repaid him for a severe application of the tawse resulting from "Old Bill's" lack of appreciation of his efforts. So he listened with keenest attention to the reading, which began where his recitation had come to an untimely end, and watched for an opening to verify the adage that history repeats itself.

With deep musical voice and sympathetic diction, Dr. Tassie captured the attention of the most stolid and stubborn of the hardened veterans as, with fine enthusiasm, he delivered the flowing sentences.

Let us with the fascinated semicircle rise above the commonplace for a time and listen to the glorified recital of the masterpiece.

"The dervise in the Arabian tale did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its [illegible] dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines.

"Such is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when perhaps travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our [illegible]est temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river Thames on the ten thousand masts;—her influence and her glory will still survive—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derive their origin and over which they exercise their control."

As Dr. Tassie resumed his seat with the impressive air of one who has done his best in a worthy cause, he was gratified to see an immediate result of his efforts, for the egregiously unimpressionable class sat spellbound for at least a minute.

Grasping the psychologic moment, he announced:

"A prize will be given for the best essay written by a member of this class on a subject suggested by the passage which I have read to you. In order to popularize the event, the decision will be arrived at by a vote of the assembled school. Remember, there must be no external assistance, nor help of any sort not accessible to all; nor comparing of notes; nor communication of any sort on the subject after the competition has begun.

"Let me see—," as the clock struck twelve, "Freeman, remain. Let the others wait outside. I shall give you

the topic, which you will communicate to your classmates."

After due consideration, Dr. Tassie wrote in his beautiful but minute hand on a slip of paper from which he read with definite satisfaction:

"Seeking for hidden treasures of literature," and handed the slip to Harry who delivered the message to the scoffing crew outside.

A good majority of the class, consumed with curiosity, was waiting at the school door and to them Harry repeated the title fresh from Old Bill's lips. Spinal, having been "stumped" during class by the equally reckless Yankee Dickinson, who had displayed the first and second fingers of his right hand pointed upward like a V, meaning "let's go for a swim," had unloosed all possible buttons during class and had made a descent down the steep hill which can best be described as one long dive from the school door to the river, so he missed Harry's communication and came panting up to the play room door just in time to comb his dripping hair as the dinner bell was ringing. Harry handed him the slip of paper over the dinner table saying, "You can keep it; it's all over town by this time. Guess he's struck the wrong crowd in this house, though; some day-scholar'll get the prize."

"Uh huh," Spinal answered indifferently as he stuck the paper in his pocket.

Just then Dr. Tassie took his seat and said grace with his customary impressiveness. Further communication was constantly interrupted by such sounds as, "bread please, bread please, bread please, butter please, butter please, butter please," repeated down the long table like a Queen's Birthday *feu de joie* until the supply was reached and started on its way in the desired direction.

"OLD BILL SAID OUT IN THE HALL THAT IT WAS IN-COM-PAT-I-BLE WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE," DECLARED SPINAL, "AND THAT MEANS INDISPUTABLE—DOESN'T IT?"

Spinal, as he left the dining room, looked around ready for a challenge to play riding duck on the way back to school. You rolled a stone ahead and your opponent tried to hit it with his stone and land further on, in which case you would ride him on your back from your stone to his, and so on.

Spinal, with good competition, had been known to play this game all the way to school after dinner and get there on time. However, he did not happen to see any of the best exponents of the game at the moment, so he stuck his hands in his pockets and idly glanced at the slip of paper which he found, intending to throw it away, for he had not considered the contest seriously as a sporting proposition

But instead he took a second look, opened his eyes wide, deposited the slip carefully in the inside pocket of his jacket and went off by himself over the least frequented road, buried in thought, until he reached the school door.

Spinal's announcement that he was going to compete created a sensation and his serious attitude did much to advertise the event.

Throughout all the stages of the competition he righteously resisted every overture on the subject, saying sturdily, "Let's play the game, fellows. I'm with Old Bill in this first, last and all the time."

"Old Bill will be with you at the finish and no one near to help, I bet," someone interrupted

Spinal ignored the remark and continued with dignity, "Don't let's talk about it. Old Bill said we weren't to talk about the assay."

"The what!" inquired the back-room solicitously.

"The assay. That's as far as I've gone—getting that word right and I'm sure of it anyway. That's right. Look it up, Chummy," to his always skeptical and exacting critic.

Spinal had privately looked the word "essay" up as a starter and had unearthed the interesting information that "essay" and "assay" had originally been "equivocals," which he now made known with pride.

"Most of your words are that, Spinal," Chummy replied, but he made no move toward the dictionary, having learned by experience that Spinal was often mysteriously supported by it.

THE LITERARY ASPIRATIONS OF THE UPPER THIRD WERE THE TALK AND THE JOKE OF THE REST OF THE SCHOOL

"Yes, they are equivocals, and assay is the obsolute form which shows that it is obsolutely right to use it. It has a secondary meaning, to determine the amount of precious metal in anything. I'll show you fellows something precious."

Yankee Dickinson, carried away by Spinal's earnestness, enthusiastically exclaimed, "I'll bet anyone the sausage rolls for the crowd that Spinal wins the prize."

"I'll take that myself: It's a cinch," said Spinal, much to Yankee's dismay, but as Spinal assured them that he would do his best to win and the bet would make no difference, the backroom, as it would be ahead either way, decided that the bet stood.

As Mrs. Knox's sausage rolls were a rare delicacy only to be enjoyed in flush times, excitement ran high But inasmuch as Spinal was known to have had for some time a standing offer from his father of five dollars whenever he could succeed in winning a prize, whereas Yankee's expectation of paying in the event of his losing was recognized to be characteristically optimistic, a rather peculiar situation was seen to exist.

If Spinal should win the prize, he would lose his bet and would have five dollars to pay it with, meaning practically unlimited sausage rolls. If, on the other hand, Spinal should fail to win the prize, Yankee would lose and, barring miracles, a beggarly half a dozen sausage rolls for each of the eight occupants of the backroom would be the maximum purchasing power of his monthly allowance after a known and old-standing debt to Mrs. Knox had been satisfied, and at that they would have to wait until the end of the month.

Chummy Jones dilated upon this feature in a conference with Harry Freeman and Gabby Wilkinson which was promptly called, these three constituting the commissary or grub committee which made all arrangements for the clandestine spreads held whenever any of the backroom boys received a box from home.

"It's no use doing our worst," Harry decided, "for then some dark horse from one of the other houses would have all the better show."

"We must all get busy—make the air so thick with literature that Spinal will just have to pitch in," Gabby suggested.

Chummy, who knew his school, agreed with his colleagues and assured

Continued on page 124.

The Masked Cavalier

By Frank Lee Benedict

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE two girls got out of the carriage at the great, gloomy old palace where Mrs. Thorwald had her apartment, and, after laughing adieus to that lady, ran down the street to their own dwelling—another desolate looking old place only a short distance below.

They did not meet a living creature, except an unhappy dog going on three legs, and a still more decrepit female, seated on a curbstone, plying a pair of knitting needles and muttering so busily to herself that she could not afford the pair even a glance.

A little one-horse conveyance—the style of vehicle so common in Rome—had halted at the corner of the street, as Mrs. Thorwald's carriage drew up before the door. A masked man dressed in a rich cavalier's costume, got out, paid the driver, and as soon as Mrs. Thorwald had disappeared, hurried toward the house which the girls had already reached.

It was the height of the Carnival season, and the whole Roman world was still collected on the Corso. Mrs. Thorwald, anxious about a dinner she was to give, had hastened her young friends away before the race, which closes each afternoon's wild gayety; and each of the girls privately thought that Mrs. Thorwald was selfish in spite of her pretty speeches and coaxing ways.

ROSE WRINKLED HER PRETTY FOREHEAD OVER THE NOTE

For some inexplicable reason, the doors were closed when they arrived at the place, and Rose Sanderson pounded furiously with the ponderous knocker, which made noise enough to rouse the dead, although unheard, or unheeded, by old Assunta.

While Rose hammered, Geraldine Gray, glancing up the street, became conscious of the tall man marching onward in his cavalier dress.

"I do believe Assunta is dead," cried Rose. "If not, I could end her miserable, old misspent existence with great pleasure the instant we get in,—if we ever do."

There was no answer from her companion. She was too busy pounding with the knocker and anathematizing Assunta to wonder at the silence. Then it suddenly occurred to her that Geraldine bore the delay with singular, not to say aggravating, composure. She turned to discover the reason, and saw the mask close to the great doorway, in whose shadow they stood. He was holding out a rose. After an instant's pause, Geraldine took it

"Well!" exclaimed Rose, dropping the knocker with a final bang, which sounded like a young cannon.

The cavalier made a merry gesture of farewell, and darted down the street. At the same moment the door opened, and Assunta appeared, so deafening in her loud-voiced excuses, that, between her desire to get out of reach of the sound and her determination to have an explanation from Geraldine, Rose rushed her companion on, and left the scolding for a more convenient season. The girls mounted the first flight of steps in silence. As they reached the

landing Rose pulled at her friend's dress and held her fast.

"I do think there are limits to what is permissible, even in Carnival time," she said with a glance at the red blossom her friend held.

"Mercy," returned Geraldine laughing, "a lecture on prudence is something new from you, Rose. What have I done?"

"I saw him hanging about under the balcony half a dozen times to-day," pursued Rose. "You needn't think I didn't recognize him."

"How observant you are," said Geraldine admiringly.

"I wouldn't be deceitful," cried Rose, reproachfully

"Persevere in that good resolution," returned Geraldine. "Dear me, puss, what is so dreadful in my taking this pretty flower—your namesake? If it had been any other sort I might have refused."

This teasing reply was more than Rose's patience, sorely tried by Mrs. Thorwald's selfishness and Assunta's delay, could endure. She walked on up stairs with dignity, not deigning to look behind her. Geraldine followed more leisurely, and took the opportunity to unwind a slip of paper, carefully folded round the stem of the rose, and hide it in her purse. At the door of their apartment, Geraldine overtook her friend, and said with a consoling pat

"Now, don't be a cross rose-bud. I didn't mean to tease you"

"Tease me? The idea!" she said, neither very intelligibly or amiably, but her good disposition wasn't proof against Geraldine's coaxing way and she forgot her displeasure.

"Come and see papa," she said.

"I want to go to my room first—then I will," Geraldine replied, and went her way

Rose passed on to a cosy little room where Mr. Sanderson had made a combination den and workroom. Having sprained his ankle a week earlier he lived in the one room. He was a handsome man, with the marks of ill health on his face, and a certain peevishness audible in his voice

"So you are back," he said as Rose entered. "Aren't you early?

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Thorwald wouldn't wait for the race," replied Rose. "Papa, she's the most selfish thing I ever knew in my life."

"Then she must be a monster," said Mr. Sanderson.

"Have you had much pain to-day?" she asked.

"No. I think not so much as usual," he replied, making the admission rather grudgingly. "Where is Geraldine?"

"She went to her own room. She will be in presently. Oh, papa, it is too bad that you have to stay shut up here at the Carnival time!"

"My dear, that is just a specimen of my luck—just! However, I don't mind missing the Carnival much. It is nothing compared to what it was when I used to be in Italy."

"Now papa, don't be cynical. I don't believe there ever was a finer one. I wish that ankle of yours was well enough for you to go to Mrs. Harriman's dinner. I've got the invitation just now." Rose wrinkled her pretty brows over the note

"My dear, the one consolation I have found in my accident is the fact that I am able to stay away That woman's airs and affectations are more than I can endure."

"She *is* dreadful," sighed Rose. "However, she has been very good-natured about taking Geraldine and me out since we've been here,"

"Because Geraldine is an heiress," he replied; "and she likes the glory If it was not for that you might have stayed shut up till doomsday before she would have noticed you in the least

Rose didn't pay much attention to her father's bitterness. She was accustomed to his grumbling, and it had no effect upon her happy disposition

Geraldine came in then, and the conversation took a pleasanter tone Mr. Sanderson could be amusing when he could forget himself, and he was invariably kind and gentle with his ward. He had hoped once to see her something closer, but since his son had turned out a disappointment, he had been obliged to forget that

Geraldine Gray was twenty-one now, and she had come to live with the Sandersons soon after her sixteenth birthday. Rose was two years younger, but, from the first, they had been fast friends, and their affection had only strengthened during these years. Geraldine had been an orphan from early childhood; her home had always been with an aunt, whose death made it necessary for Mr. Sanderson to rouse himself sufficiently out of his accustomed indolence to take charge of her and her affairs

Not long after her arrival—before they had gone abroad—came the news, which dashed to the ground the hopes Mr. Sanderson had been weaving. Charley was twenty-one then, just raised to the rank of lieutenant in the navy, and was expected home after an absence of three years

He did not come. In place of that came tidings that he had resigned his commission to escape dismissal. He had been mixed up in some wild affair—had struck a superior officer, and away went the whole fabric of dreams that had been indulged in over the boy's future. There ensued a brief, angry correspondence between father and son, ending in the father's telling the lad he never wanted to see or hear of him.

Two years later Mr. Sanderson took his daughter and ward to Europe, where he would have settled down into a disgruntled old hermit if it had not

Continued on page 113

"I FAIL TO SEE" BEGAN MR. SANDERSON AND STOPPED IF THESE MATTERS ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO EXPLAIN YOUR ESCAPADE GO ON

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*

Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next ball, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling intuitively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge!" She coquettes with Sinclair, and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms, and admits that he loves her. Then, coming to himself, he puts her away, saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—and yours." She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely: "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then, coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her, and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home, his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Wood, and Sir Fulke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancee, goes with the Mertons to Barranmuir, for the shooting. After much persuasion, Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find how thin and white Valerie has grown. Diphtheria breaks out in the village, and Denzil is anxious about her, but she laughs it off. Captain Sinclair turns up, and demands more money from his son, which Robert refuses to give. In a rage, the captain threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued

"You had better," said his son with a short laugh, "only I warn you that he has no illusions concerning you."

"There are men staying here who would help me."

"The man from whom I parted a few moments before you accosted me, was talking to me of you. I don't fancy that there would be much good asking *him*!"

"There may be other men in the party. I am staying at the inn here with two other men—we are doing a little bit of shooting."

"You will not be likely to come across any member of our party. We only shoot Merton's moors!"

"I shall find some means of making myself known to them! I tell you for the last time Robert, that it would be better for you, if you came down from that high and mighty position of yours and gave me what I ask for!"

"That may be, but I shall not do it!"

"You will have reason to regret it! I will trip you up, sooner or later. I will wound you in your tenderest part!"

"That, of course, is your affair," said Robert. "Whatever you may threaten, it is all one to me. I tell you, and I mean it, you will get nothing more out of me, than the two hundred a year which I told you you should have!"

"You will live to regret this!"

"That is my affair," said the young man.

"Is that your last word?"

"My very last! But I warn you, that it will not be any use appealing to any friends of mine!"

"Then I swear to you, that I will be even with you! I have never yet let anything stand in the way of my revenge and I will not now. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Robert with a little laugh.

"Laugh," said his father in a passion. "You will not laugh for long." Robert made no answer but walked quickly to the house. The hall was full of people talking and drinking tea. Valerie was seated in her accustomed place near the fire, holding her hands to the blaze. They seemed more frail, more delicate than they had ever looked. As he came in she lifted her head and her eyes sought his across the crowd of merry guests. For a moment it seemed to him as if they two stood in the room, alone!

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT *is* the matter, Bob? You are so odd lately."

It was Lady Merton who spoke and she halted for a moment as she was passing from one drawing room to another to speak to the young man, who was seated alone in an angle of the room, apparently in a brown study.

He gave a little start. "The matter? I don't know. Sit down by me and

talk to me—I think I want something motherly !"

She laughed. "Do you ?" she said. "You are a strange boy—there's Dolly Brent looking at you with all her heart in her eyes ! Looking pretty enough, poor child, to attract any man !"

"Why do you say, poor child ?"

"Because she is a poor child ! Do you see her ? Well, she has to get married, and that pretty soon, to make room for two other sisters who are coming out—and she does so want to marry a man of whom she can be fond ! Not but what she would accept the first man who offered if he could give her money and position ! She is no heroine—poor Dolly ! But she is not altogether of the type who does not care !"

"Poor girl, indeed," said Sinclair, but he did not make a movement towards her.

"Now there again ! What a curiously impassive boy you are," said Lady Merton. "Another man would have said, 'shall I go over to her and talk to her for half an hour, shall I make her happy with a few nice speeches and a kiss ?' "

"I should not care to do that," said the young man slowly.

"I know you would not, or else I should not have said so—I was jesting —I don't believe you care for anything except singing—and, they tell me, shooting and all manner of sport."

"Is not that enough ?" said he.

"If it made you happy—but you are not happy. Something is wrong with you this time, Robert."

"How do you know that ?"

"You would not have sat here for twenty minutes in a brown study if you had been. Your face was not the face of a happy man !"

"I'll tell you what it is," said he. "I am too idle—I am not used to an idle life ! And I want to sing to-night. May I not sing for you, dear lady ?"

"May you not?" she said, joyfully. "may you not ? But Robert, it would be simply delightful if you would. We have been dying to hear you, and I knew you would not mind—only Denzil was so insistent that you should not be asked !"

"Dear old Denzil," said he.

Denzil's mother impulsively stretched out her hand to pat the coat sleeve of Denzil's friend.

"He is so happy ! It is marvellous to me to see him—and she—is she not delightful ? So beautiful, too—and so sympathetic !"

"Yes," said Sinclair simply, "she is all that. When may I sing to your ladyship ?"

"Now, at once. Go into that room and begin—it will not be long before every other room is empty !"

"Is there any one who can play for me ?"

"Lady Killoe—she is very musical !"

"Then if you will take me to her, we might ask her."

Lady Killoe, tall, slight, middle-aged and Irish, was delighted. "You must tell me where I go wrong, Mr. Sinclair," she said

"You won't go wrong," smiled he.

Denzil and Valerie were seated in the conservatory leading out of the long room that was the last of the three drawing rooms composing the west wing of the house. It was a room used mostly for music and for dancing and had an inlaid floor of wood that was famous all over the county. It was lit by small groups of shaded electric lights. It was a room that was not too full of furniture and therefore lent itself easily to singing.

Valerie was seated with Denzil in the conservatory which led out of this room. It was a favourite place of theirs, being private, but not too secluded. At this time of the year it was filled with beautiful chrysanthemums whose slightly acrid smell was pleasant to the young girl. A little fountain in the centre plashed prettily —Denzil loved fountains ever since his boyhood—they reminded him of Rome, he said. He had been out shooting all afternoon and he had missed his hour with Valerie—the diphtheria was still bad in the village and he was telling her of one or two cases. She was listening

with interest and asking him whether he had taken precautions.

"I am all right," he said. "But that was one of the reasons I did not come in to see you before dinner. I will take no risks where you or anybody else is concerned. No one else goes into any houses of the village, so the household is safe. I have ordered that none of the household shall mix with the village people on penalty of instant dismissal I shall be almost glad when the last of our guests leave !"

"You want me to go?" she asked, smiling.

"I want to know that you are quite safe," he said, "and then, Valerie, when that time comes—it will be by so much nearer to our wedding day !"

"Then you are not happy now ?"

"Not happy," he said and looked at her. "Only, Valerie, you must not forget, that however little of a man I may appear to the outside world, I *am* a man ! And I want you to have and to hold !"

"You are always a man to me," she said. "Hark, what is that? Who is going to sing ?"

There was almost the sound of fear in her voice, but Denzil for once did not notice it.

"I do hope my mother has not asked Bob to sing," he said in a tone of vexation. "I particularly warned her not to do so. It was all right when we were alone in London—he sang to her and to me—but here it is different !"

"He is going to sing," said Valerie in a low voice.

"Is he ?" Denzil was vexed.

"Probably he wanted to," said the girl—she spoke in a voice of intense weariness.

"Shall we go into the music room ?"

"No, let us stay here, Denzil—we shall hear and we shall not be seen."

"Why are you always so good to me, Valerie ?"

"Good ?" she laughed a bitter little laugh that puzzled him—"hush, he is beginning !"

"In the shadow of the conservatory he stole his arm round her and kept it there. Valerie made no movement at all, but turned her face slightly towards the room. At the first sound of Sinclair's voice, the music room had become full of people. Dolly Brent was among the first to come in. She seated herself at the entrance of the conservatory and Valerie fixed her eyes on the young girl's face. It was so pretty ! and the girl herself was so easily moved by the tenor's voice. Valerie, looking at her, knew that Dolly had laid her impulsive young heart at the handsome tenor's feet. She had guessed it before. Indeed she had known from the very first when Dolly had asked her to introduce her to Sinclair, that the girl had been attracted to him. But now Valerie could see by the look on the girl's face, that it was not attraction merely—it was love !

Song followed song. The wonderful voice rose and fell, full of that nameless charm, that only belongs to the great singers of the world. He sang songs of high daring, songs of good fellowship and then at the last, songs of love. And as he sang, Valerie could see Dorothy's face grow more and more womanly, she could mark her quickened breathing, her heightened colour. She could see the tenderness in the moist, blue eyes. And as she looked a bitter jealousy seized Valerie. This girl, this Dolly, was free ! Free to love, free to let a man see her love ! Free, so that she still had a chance of fulfilment to her love !

Now and then too, it seemed as if Sinclair were not ignorant of the girl's rapt look. He turned to her once almost involuntarily.

"He is singing to her, he is singing to her ! How dare he ? When he knows I am here ? Looking on, seeing it all ! He has never cared for me, never ! It has been a game to him ! If he does not stop, it will kill me !" Valerie clenched her hands in her lap.

But he did not stop—he sang on and Dolly's face grew more and more beautiful. Denzil said at the end of a song, "It is a marvellous voice ! I have never heard anything like it." Valerie forced herself to say "Is it not ?"

"I am glad he is singing," he said the next time. "I don't think my happiness could be greater, Valerie—here, with you quite close to me and that wonderful voice saying what I could never say—I don't care now if my mother did ask him !"

And then the prelude of another song began.

Lady Killoe was playing beautifully and she was enjoying herself. Of the people who were grouped round the piano, it was not too much to say that they were spell-bound. The few elderly people who always do prefer a game of bridge to anything else in the world had opened the door of the room where they were playing so that they too might hear while the cards were being shuffled. It was their way of offering incense at the shrine of art.

And then after he had sung for about three-quarters of an hour, Sinclair bent towards Lady Killoe and thanked her for playing. Then without deviating, he walked straight across the room to Dolly Brent's side

"You liked it ?" he asked.

"I loved it," she answered.

"There are tears in your eyes," he said gently.

"I know—I don't mind. You make me feel, you know. I have never dreamt of music like that."

He laughed. "Lady Killoe plays beautifully—she has the artistic temperament. One can see it—one feels it ?"

"How ?" she asked, turning her charming face to his. "Have I the artistic temperament, Mr. Sinclair ?"

He laughed again. "No," he said "you have not. But don't fret about that—you are best without it. It is a privilege for which you have to pay rather highly !"

"And I have nothing to pay with," she said frankly. "I am poor in every way, you know !"

"Not in *every* way !"

The dimples which were one of her chief beauties made their shy appearance. Dolly was looking enchantingly pretty. Valerie, looking out of the dark conservatory at the two felt as if she could not bear this much longer.

"Bob seems taken with Dolly," said Denzil at her side in an amused voice.

"Yes, he seems to be." She did not know how she forced herself to speak easily.

"He might do worse—although I can never imagine Robert loving any woman !"

"Why not ?"

"I don't know—he is so keen about his singing and sport generally, there does not seem to be room for women in his life ! And he could have almost any woman for his wife whom he wanted !"

"Could he ?"

"Why of course—with his voice and his beauty and his manners. Sanday was telling me too that he is undoubtedly heir to Sir Fulke's property in Berkshire !"

"The fairy godmother must have been asked to his christening !"

"Undoubtedly—and he is a dear fellow too. He has not an atom of self consciousness or pride about him ! He does not even resent my giving you all I have to give !"

Robert was talking still to Dolly Brent. Valerie felt as if knives were being thrust into her heart. She rose abruptly from her seat.

"Denzil," she said speaking quite softly, "I think I must say good-night—I'm horribly tired !"

"Tired, my darling ! and here have I been talking away like a fool all the time about my happiness and not noticing that you were looking white ! How pale you are. You are sure you are feeling well ?"

"I have not got diphtheria, if that is what you are fearing," she said with a forced laugh. "I'm just tired, Denzil !"

"Just tired—as if that were not enough—come, I will walk with you to the foot of the staircase !"

That meant across those three long rooms—she would have to pass Robert and Dolly—how could she do it ?

(To be continued)

Masked Cavalier

Continued from page 109.

been for the liveliness of the two girls Fortunately Geraldine had determination enough to insist that neither her existence or her friend's should be rendered monotonous or unbearable Altogether the years had been very pleasant ones to them both. They had traveled a great deal, made agreeable friends, and Mr. Sanderson's complaints had grown too much a matter of course for either to be seriously affected by them

This winter in Rome had been an especially gay one, as Geraldine had now come into full possession of her fortune. There had been parties, balls and pretty new dresses for Rose as well as herself; she managed to do all sorts of little things for her friend in that line without exciting the father's suspicion, as he was one of those men who could grant favors readily enough, but was utterly incapable of accepting them

The two girls sat with Mr. Sanderson while he dined, and after they had dressed for Mrs. Thorwald's dinner came to show him their pretty costumes. There was something odd about Geraldine to-night. Rose could not help remarking it, and as she connected it with the flower and the masked cavalier, she was somewhat displeased, and would ask no question Rose had always held fast, during these years of silence in which Charley's name had been a forbidden subject that he would sometime reappear; and in her mind she had reserved her friend for him. And now this fellow who had haunted Geraldine's steps during the past week, had power to bring such light into Geraldine's eyes and to make her so excitable and nervous

When they reached home, Geraldine instead of lingering as usual, went off directly to her own room. So Rose went to bed to rid herself of her disagreeable fancies. How long she had slept she did not know. It seemed to be nearly morning, when some sudden sound roused her. She sat up and listened. It came again. Her first thought was that robbers were trying the window; she sprang out of bed and ran to Geraldine's room. It was fastened on the inside—the first time such a thing had ever happened Beyond that was a door which opened into Geraldine's maid's room. The room was empty. She ran across into Geraldine's apartment—that was empty too. She looked about and noticed that the noise had been caused by the slamming of a shutter that had been left open. It never occurred to her to waken her father, as she had no thought of betraying Geraldine, but

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this midnight disappearance was so out of keeping with the girl she had known so long.

"If I'd done such a thing it wouldn't be so queer, I'm such a crazy goose," she sobbed. "but for Geraldine —heavens, what does it mean ?"

She looked about the room again. There was an unfamiliar basket in one corner. She threw up the lid, and instantly knew where Geraldine had gone—to the masked ball at the Apollo Theatre ! The basket still held a mask and a portion of a domino. Rose was more puzzled than ever. A friend had offered to take them to the theatre to see the masquerade from a box, and Geraldine had been the first to refuse. A masquerade where there was no dancing would be only a bore, she had declared. But she was gone, and the rose had something to do with it.

Mr. Sanderson, unable to sleep, got up, put on his dressing-gown and hobbled into the den to smoke. The vicious-voiced little clock on the mantel was striking two when he was starteld by hearing a key turn in the door. He crossed the room painfully, opened the door and found himself face to face with two figures the foremost, to his unbounded astonishment, being his ward !

"Geraldine !" he spluttered in his wrath, "what is the meaning of this ?"

The other muffled figure darted off down the corridor. It was Miss Gray's maid, shrouded like Geraldine in a long black wrap. Marianne was so rigid and angular, so full of British prejudices and propriety, that it seemed impossible that she had been guilty of such a freak escapade.

Geraldine looked pale, a little tired, too; but there was no sign of fright or confusion. If it had been noon-day she could not have been more composed.

"Geraldine !" he repeated, feeling himself grow stupid from surprise.

"You will catch cold standing on that stone floor," she said quietly. "I am sorry we disturbed you; the door would not open, and Marianne made a great racket."

"Where have you been ?" he demanded. "But I don't need to ask," pointing to her costume. "Geraldine, who went to the masked ball with you ?"

"Only Marianne," she replied; "but we were as safe as if we had been at home—nobody recognized us. And I couldn't have been more properly chaperoned than with dear old precise Marianne."

"I wonder you could have persuaded her to go," he replied, puzzled by her composure. "I—I am shocked."

"Please don't let's say any more about it to-night. Marianne and I were not alone—we had ample protection. I

am very tired, and I want to sleep."

"Is that all you mean to say?" he asked, aghast.

"I want you to wait until morning for explanations," she said with a finality in her tone that staggered him.

"You refuse to explain," he gasped.

"Just for to-night, please," coaxed Geraldine. She made the best of her advantage and kissed him goodnight

She went in to her maid's room first, and Marianne point d to the other room in silence. There was Rose all huddled up in a Morris chair, asleep.

"Heavens! Rose, what are you doing asleep at this hour in my room?" she said

"Oh, Jerry! where have you been? Why it's morning, and I've been scared out of my senses."

"It's only half past two, and we are often out later than this," said Geraldine calmly.

Rose rubbed her eyes, stared at her friend and exclaimed, "You've been at the masked ball at the Apollo!"

"Exactly where I was," returned Geraldine.

"Geraldine, you are crazy!"

"Opinions differ. To me it seems much more like a symptom of insanity for a young woman to go to sleep in a chair instead of getting into bed," Geraldine said in her most unruffled manner

"I was in bed," said Rose. "But I heard a noise and I came in here frightened, and you were gone. I think it was a horrid way to treat me."

"Rose, honey, do be reasonable! How could I possibly know that you would get a fright and rush into my room, this night of all others?"

"I couldn't get in," said Rose.

"Horrors! Then I suppose it's your spirit I'm talking to."

"Jerry, you're a cat," cried Rose in one of her little bursts of temper. "I knew when you took that flower to-day there was something doing. I hate that horrid Italian; and he'll be sure to tell of your going there to meet him. Yes, and then Mrs. Thorwald and her set will talk, and talk and talk!"

"I don't think the Italian will tell," returned Geraldine with a mischievous smile.

"I don't see how you can like him anyway," Rose said miserably.

"I don't." Geraldine was entirely unabashed.

"After taking that rose—after going to the ball. Good gracious, what would papa say if he should find out?"

"He knows already," said Geraldine calmly. "He opened the door for us, because Marianne made such a racket, and turned into a statue of horror at the sight."

"Goodness!" breathed Rose. "What on earth did you say?"

"Nothing. I took him into the den and advised him to sit down."

"And he didn't insist on knowing?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I think he did," responded Geraldine, turning to the mirror and beginning to take down her hair. "But insisting doesn't always imply that you find out."

Rose scrambled out of the Morris chair indignantly, and stood up, her curly hair tumbled all about her piquant little face. She looked like a small but defiant kitten.

"Geraldine Gray! I'm astonished at you!" she burst out. "If you won't tell me who was with you to-night, I'll never speak to you again."

"Why, pussy!" said Geraldine, turning about with amused surprise. "Did you think I'd been a naughty girl with [illegible] Stop looking like the muse of tragedy, and I'll tell you."

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"Well?" said Rose, unmollified.

But Geraldine did not speak. Instead she crossed the room, shut the door snugly, and whispered something very seriously into Rose's little ear. The girl shrank away from her with a cry

"Geraldine! You don't mean it?"

"Hush!" said the older girl. "You'll wake your father. It's quite true—*he* was the cavalier, and he will be here in the morning. Now we must both go to bed at once and sleep. We will have a hard day to-morrow."

She spoke with gentle authority, and Rose, dazed and astonished, obeyed her. Silence shut down upon the old house, but Geraldine lay awake, thinking.

Mr. Sanderson slept late next morning, and when Rose came in he set down his coffee-cup and looked impressive.

"Send Geraldine to me at once," he said, without the formality of a "Good morning."

"Geraldine? Certainly, father," agreed Rose sweetly

"He's cross as a bear," she confided to Geraldine. "Be careful, won't you?"

Geraldine was her usual charming self, as she entered the den where Mr. Sanderson was frowning over the morning paper.

"Did you sleep well?" she said serenely. "And are you in the best possible humour?"

"At least I am ready to hear what explanation you may have of last night's occurrence," stated Mr. Sanderson solemnly

"Then you must promise not to interrupt me," she said, her own face taking on a look of gravity, "for I shall have to speak of matters you have forbidden anyone to mention in your presence."

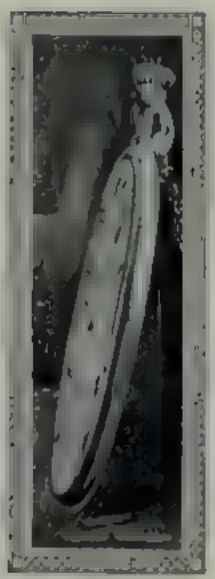
"I fail to see—" began Mr. Sanderson, and then stopped. "If these matters are absolutely necessary to explain your escapade, go on."

"They are," she corroborated him. "I must go back some years, to the time before I came to live with you. Shortly before Aunt Margaret died, I met a young man who was foolish enough to love me better than I deserved. I was very young and romantic then; and though I cared for him a great deal, I teased and bothered him, without realizing how serious a matter it was to him. I flirted with another man—a naval officer—for a week or two, because we had had some trifling quarrel and I had some idea of punishing him."

She broke off, and looked up at him, two crimson spots burning in her cheeks. He regarded her sternly, but evidently without any idea of what she was leading up to. She went on.

Continued on page 124.

Waltham Watches



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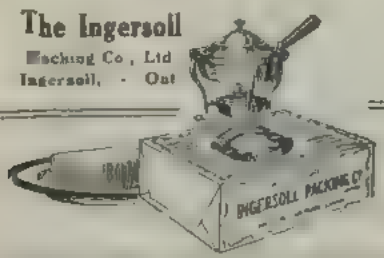

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THE MONTH OF ROSES

LET us worship for a moment at the shrine of the rose—the emblem of old England. It was bold of her to capture the queen of flowers—yet it is not the rose as we know her in our hothouses that is England's emblem, but the wild rose that clambers up the houses in those quaint and beautiful villages that lie dotted over the whole country. It is a little rose with five delicate petals of pale or deep pink—the Tudor rose.

English history is perfumed with the rose. The rose-noble was a coin worth six and eightpence—the exact price of a lawyer's letter to-day. When York and Lancaster fought it was with roses—and other things. Harpocrates, the god of silence—whom women despise—was bribed by Cupid with a rose not to reveal the amours of Venus. And Cupid is busy with roses to-day. Artful little dodger, he even puts it into the heads of old husbands to give roses to their old wives when wedding anniversaries come round. By the way the idea that Cupid is the son of Venus we always considered a libel on that young imp, holding rather with Hesiod, the ancient theogonist, who says that Cupid was produced at the same time as Chaos and the Earth. Of course he was. How could we have ever got along without him, and is not Love eternal—without beginning and without end? In any case he is the dearest Boy in the world, and the universal Honey Boy.

THE GOLDEN ROSE

TO return to our roses. Like the Roman banquet halls of imperial time when showers of roses fell at intervals upon the guests, we remember one glorious night at Covent Garden in the year of the second jubilee of Queen Victoria, when in the silence one could almost hear the soft thud of a falling rose from the great garlands that wreathed the boxes. Roses, roses! Everywhere England's flower! Literally, from floor to box-top nothing but wreaths and bowers of roses whence shone out the fairest faces in the world, where glimmered all that there is of costly gems, diadems, gorgeous uniforms. An openwork curtain of roses woven with delicate greenery hid the front of all the circles, and drooped above the boxes, making a fairy-like frame for the royal women. The dying flowers dropped their petals into the laps of women sitting in orchestra chairs. It was a night spent in some enchanted fairyland where all was laughter and happiness, love—and a dream of fair women. It was difficult in this rose-world to believe that outside Want and Squalor pressed their lean and ill-favoured faces almost against the walls of the great theatre, watching—silent, eager, sullen—for the out pouring of a procession where walked Beauty, Youth, Happiness and Wealth And yet, not far away, the ghastly Embankment was gathering its sordid company of lodgers for the night.

The golden rose arose in the Twelfth Century. It was a jewel which each year on the fourth Sunday in Lent was solemnly blessed by the Pope, who presented it in turn to all the Roman Catholic sovereigns of Europe. The Queen of Spain has one—also Alfonzo's mother. It is a very beautiful floral jewel and more than once it has carried a silent but no less potent political message. As compared with the olden time there are very few to whom such an emblem can be presented to-day Once or twice the gift has been made to some lady in recognition of extraordinary piety or meritorious action.

But the custom as the occasion for it—is fading after the manner of all roses.

A GRAVE TALE

NOT long since we had a conversation with a woman who had received grave news in a doctor's office. This is what she said:—

"Although I had long familiarized myself with death, meditated upon it, noted the passing years and computed—within reason—the years that might remain; the absolute fact that Death was nearer to me than I had anticipated gave me a shock. That is, a shock of a sort, as though one had come up noiselessly behind and had tapped me on the shoulder suddenly, and that as I turned I met with something grim and inexorable. I remember smiling stiffly as I left the office, though the tears were very near. The first sensation I felt was one of immense self-pity—the next a sense of aloofness from all others of my kind—a dreadful loneliness. I remember that Moore' lines about the 'stricken deer" came into my mind, and also a story I had heard in childhood of how when the gamekeeper walked through the deer-park, and marked—in his mind only, remember—one of the herd to be killed—the rest silently withdrew and left the stricken one alone. My next sensation was the curious one that all responsibilities had dropped from me. A feeling of infinite and sad detachment from everything possessed me.

"Of what use to begin anything, to go on with anything to plan anything? There were only a few days, weeks, months—perhaps a year or two, left—why should I not play these away doing anything I liked or—nothing? Was I not now and henceforth a privileged person? Then came a sort of hurry, as of one going upon a long and important journey. So many loose ends to be caught up. So many—so few rather—little jewels and trinkets to be divided as keepsakes. I even began to take an interest in gravestones and cemeteries. I owned no spot of earth in which to lay my body. Would it not be wise to put any spare money into an estate in the cemetery?

"All this without too much sadness, only that feeling of immense self-pity. Came more gruesome thoughts. Somewhere, in some shop in the city, my coffin was lying among many on one of those secret shelves in undertaker's places that are discreetly hidden lest the sight of them would cause our delicate sensibilities to suffer. Then, who would I have for pall-bearers? One I knew of. How well he would look in his immaculate linen and tall hat—how much would he care? What sort of a funeral would I have? Would anyone outside the few relatives and fewer friends come? Would they send flowers? Why did they not give them to me to-day, now, in my living hands where I could look at them with my living eyes and love them with my living heart? What would the clergyman say?—the old beautiful lesson—the old beautiful prayer:

"'I am the resurrection and the Life'—and then the last journey, and then the first night out under the stars—the awful, awful loneliness. The house I used to call home barred and locked against me—those whom I loved and who had loved me, lost at last in sleep and dreams. I thought of the woman in Olive Schreiner's 'African Farm' who went out the night her baby was buried and spread a waterproof over the little, little grave, to keep off her baby the rain that swept down in the dark.

"And then came the rain—that human rain of tears. Never had the world seemed more beautiful. The earth was singing her spring love-song. The birds were mating, the young grass was just peeping up—the trees were thick with fat brown buds. The

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sun streamed upon the world, warming it. To leave it all for the cold, the dark! The very soul shuddered at the thought of that unknown land beyond the curtain. Doubts assailed me. Was there any place? anything? Faith was for the moment annihilated. What if there was nothing—nobody, or —some place worse than this? For a while chaos reigned.

"Then the storm swept away, leaving everything clear, beautiful, fine Courage came back, a courage made strong by the fires of suffering. The broken threads were joined, the web of life began again to form under the hands of the worker. All the self-pity, all the morbid thoughts, all the curious idle feeling—all these passed away, and the day's work took their places. Faith shone forth again clear as the rainbow after the shower. I cannot express to you the buoyant, hopeful feeling, the fresh energy for work, the still sort of happiness that pervaded all my soul. I felt like a soldier girding up for the final fight—brave, strong, sane, full of force, of will. And though often, I find myself making up epitaphs, like young John Chivery in Little Dorrit, it is always with a happy sense of humour—that saving quality which is the salt and the soul of life."

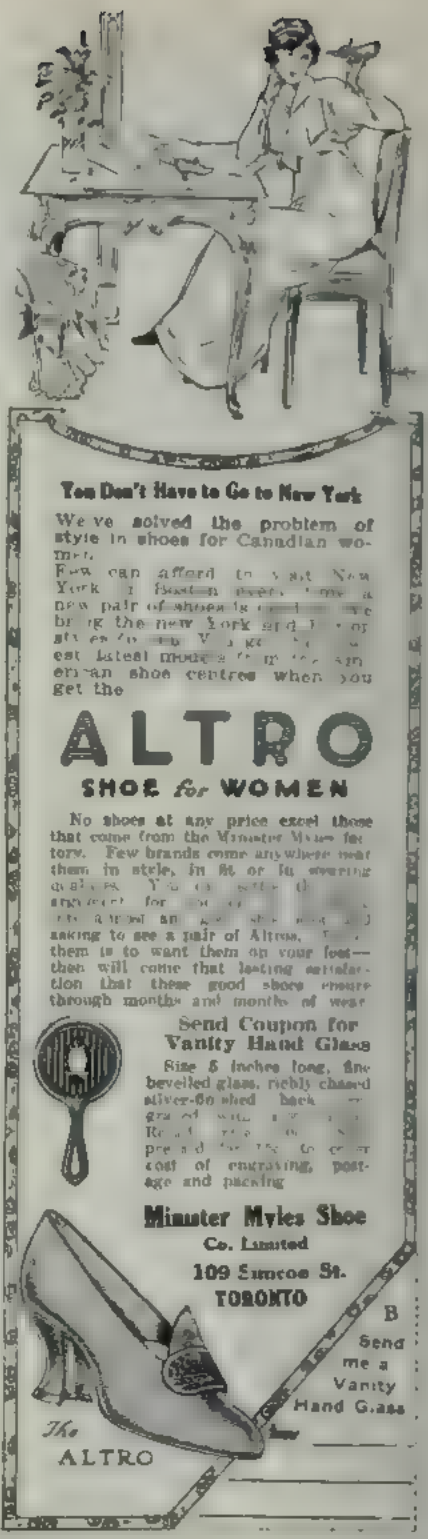
This is what the woman told and the way she told it. The Pedlar stooped, and gathering up the tale, folded it tenderly in the silken web of imagination, and laid it in his Pack.

ORIGINAL SIN

NOT long ago a poor bricklayer told his wife that he was a failure, and, jumping over London Bridge, he drowned himself in the Thames, leaving a wife and eight children "to mourn his loss." Had he paused awhile to meditate on failure's compensations he would be alive and placidly laying bricks to-day. Because he could not "get rich quick" like Wallingford or Andrew Carnegie he went and "did himself in." He forgot that it was he and not Carnegie who could lay bricks and build a library. In fact, the poor man was a mere ordinary, emotional, non-digesting human atom—and not a philosopher.

One need not be a Buddhist in the final unemotional stage of one's life's career to realize that the man whose name appears daily in the papers and whose wealth is a byword in the country is by no means necessarily a successful man in the true sense of the term. Something more than early to bed and early to rise is required as a rule to make a man inordinately rich. Ingenious youth slights this rather baleful lesson, but a time comes when the question puts itself almost inevitably: Which is the more desirable and expedient—possible wealth at all costs, or a moderate competence as the result of little more than routine effort? Of course there is the third alternative of being poor but honest, two things which do not run in harness as easily as those who utter the platitude may suppose.

The old leaven of original sin stirs in most of us, and even a hard working Pedlar might—if no one was looking—stoop to pick up an unconsidered trifle here and there for his Pack—nay, the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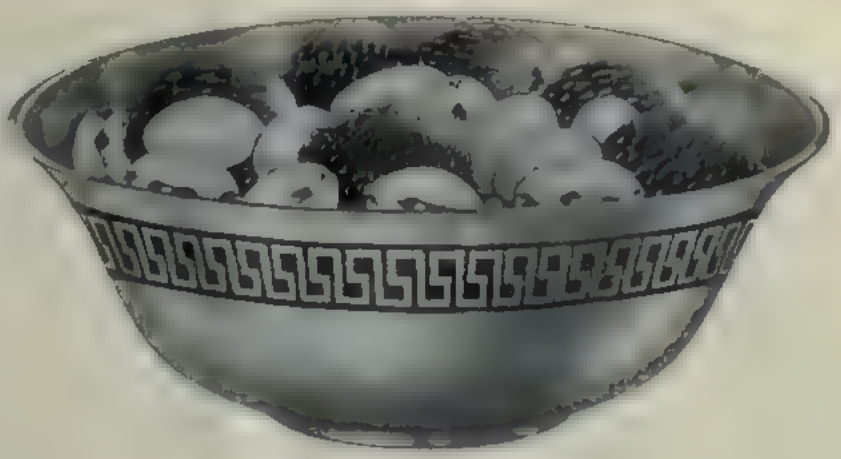
fellow hath often done it, and lieth in danger of being caught at it, some mis-begotten day, and beaten with heavy sticks

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MILLIONAIRE

FOR all great aims there must be great achievements and great sacrifices. To become a millionaire, you must stake health, the mind's balance, and maybe even conscience itself on the game. Having got so far along the golden road as to be able to write a cheque for a hundred thousand or so, you would be astonished—had the power to notice it remained yours—at the hardening process to which your nobler instincts have been subjected. Sympathy has become a word to jest at. You are not concerned with the feelings of others; only with their pockets—and these you rifle. You can laugh at the poor penniless devil who is sent down for snatching a lady's purse, for you are immune, though your thieving is done on the most gigantic scale, i'faith, when you come to think of it, you are not fit company for a dejected withal honest bricklayer, nor are you worth as much to the world—especially to the wife and eight children—as that hapless fellow.

If everybody who was a failure went and put an end to himself the world would lose some of its greatest men. There was Mr. Roosevelt with his Big Stick, his grin and his loud voice, who went forth to battle with the Trusts. Now he has gone—and the Trusts are still gambolling. There was Mr. Taft with his Arbitration Scheme—but Mr. Taft was wiser than the bricklayer. He did not drown himself, as he might have, in the Panama Canal. There is the Czar of Russia, Mr. Arthur Hawkes, and Sir Wilfred Laurier—and there is yourself and—we say it with modesty—ourself—Yet we do not rush over the parapet of the bridge to find oblivion among the drowned rats and cats in the river. We are failures—ourself and the Czar especially—in that we have had our pet schemes turned down one way or another, through the pigheadedness of the man in the street, or the Government, or the printer's devil.

Time and again the Pedlar has looked over the parapet and mused upon the capacity of the Don for dead dogs and decaying mice. It is so with us all, and the bricklayer—who was evidently a man without a sense of humour—proves the rule by being the exception When the like of him—instead of a stomachless millionaire—swiftly raises the curtain and jumps into the blackness beyond, we pause to deplore his lack of common sense. Multi-millionaires can be more easily spared than he who may lay bricks to build an edifice of Peace.



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When you serve berries, serve with them a freshly-crisped dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Mix the grains with the berries, so that every spoonful brings the two together.

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Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them dry like peanuts Cooks use them to garnish ice cream. In all these ways they take the place of nut meats.

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THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN

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Eve was created first!

There it is in a nutshell—the wherefore and why the female of the species is deadlier than the male. The theory is, of course, advanced by a doctor In these drugless days the physician, having little to do in the way of healing, has taken to writing for the magazines and papers, and the articles are at least novel and amusing, especially this statement as to an Adamless Eden. One Dr. Hunter is the authority. How he discovered that old Mother Eve had the garden to herself and the serpent, is not explained. Doubtless some microbe which (or whom) the good doctor interviewed in the processes of the laboratory communicated the matter to him. Microbes could explain a great deal that is still dark and mysterious—if they would. But they are silent creatures conserving their activities for work upon us. Our independent investigator student of biology, geology, ethnology and all the other ologies—assures us that Eve's sex at first ruled the universe. Then (mere) man came, and, like the overmastering creature he is, asserted his brute force, and began bossing and beating the women. Unused to treatment of that sort, they promptly fell in love with him and there they remained until Mrs. Pankhurst came to wake them up. Now the war is on, and no doubt it will be a case of the survival of the fittest. We offer the suggestion of Dr. Hunter as a fresh plank for the Suffragette platform—for what it is worth, merely commenting that we are thankful for such small mercies as not having lived when Eden was Adamless, and not being in the least likely to be here when that unhappy estate arrives again.

We are fond of our old Adam.

DOG, PIG AND ASS

JOURNEYING along towards the cross-roads, we came upon two fellows a-brawling, who were reviling one another. The one who had the upper hand, being of a sporting character, flavored his anathema with abusive animal names—which we thought hard on that part of creation from which we receive much love and service, and repay with ingratitude. Our choleric acquaintance appeared to be tolerably well acquainted with the bad characters existing among members of the brute creation, and was able to refer to them—prodigally—for summarily describing the person with whom he was engaged in altercation.

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Thus "dog", "hound," "puppy," and "toad" adorned his conversation, his adversary meanwhile being unable to get a word in. Having exhausted every form of doggy epithet, the wrathy sportsman let himself loose upon "ass." Now whether it be because of similarity of appearance or character, the Pedlar cannot bear to hear his hairy brother abused. When civilization lived in the East, the ass escaped entirely the injurious reputation with which he has

been saddled in Europe and hereabouts. Use the word with what vigour you like to an Asiatic and he will hardly feel aggrieved. It is only when acclimatized in countries where the atmospheric conditions cool his ardour and sour his nature, that the ass developed that stubborn inertness which has made him so useful to the orator and the scold as an example of these and other undesirable attributes. We hate to hear an ass abused, whether because of the cross on his back, or his patient expression, we can hardly explain, so hurrying fast we made our way from the contestants as expeditiously as possible, noting with satisfaction that our choleric friend had ceased belaying the poor patient ass, but was now deep in porcine phraseology, bestowing with equal generosity "pig," "hog," and "swine" on his long-suffering companion whom by this time he had rendered speechless.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

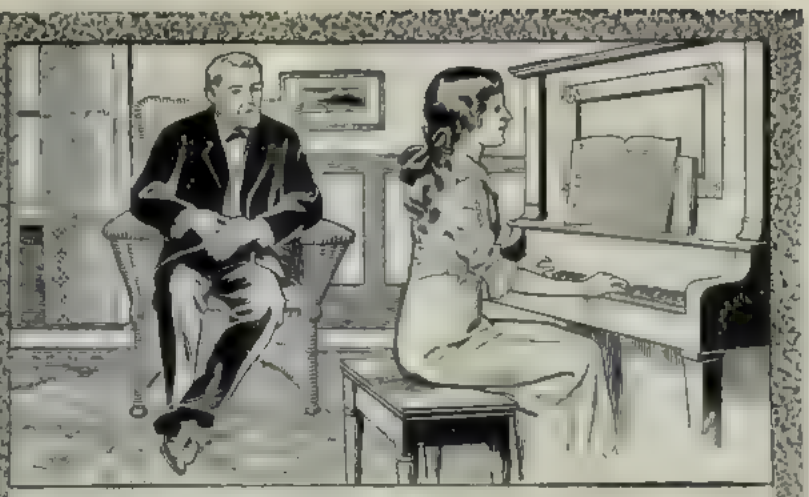
THE man at the cross-roads had a great deal to say about the jewels found under an old cellar in the heart of the City of London. That he reads the papers and has the eerie imagination of the Celt is very apparent:—

"Think o' that would ye now," he began, striking a light on the step of the stile and passing the clay to the Pedlar for a bit of a shaugh. "Three hundher years they wor, buried alive in the cellar—jools worth ransoms. Think of a watch in the middle of an emerald an' it goin' all the time, and the bust of Queen Elizabeth—bad cess to th' ould vargin !—lyin' undher th' stones wid the horses' feet thrampin' all over her for ages an' ages ! Begor, it bates Bannagher. They wor goin' to bring the chamber av horrors from ould Newgate to the same place where th' jools was, I see," he went on, "but it appears that Maria Manning, she that killed the gauger, Pat O'Connor, some time in th' last hundher years, was wan time a lady's maid in the same place, Stafford House, I think it is—so they didn't like to ray-instate her ould mask there again. Quare people, th' English.

"Did ye iver hear what wan o' thim tourists said to th' Dublin man ? 'Well,' sez the fella to Pat as he was passing, 'you should get your ears cropped,' sez he, 'they're too large for a man.' 'Bedad,' sez Pat, quick as the divil, 'I was just thinking your own would want to have a gore let into him. Sure they're too small for any dacint ass.' "

We smoked awhile in silence—Then "Is your pack full ?" said the man at the cross-roads—"because if it isn't you might tuck this in a corner of it It is about Carson.

Wan time he was dhrivin' his



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I'm very glad indeed that I took out that London Life Endowment Policy in her favor and payable on her eighteenth birthday.

I only regret that I didn't take out a larger one—I'd never have missed an extra hundred or two a year.

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motor-car through Belfast an' a woman wid a babby ran up an' pushed the child through the window, with—'You'll shake hands wid him, Sir Edward, won't ye? What d'ye think we've called him? Faith—Edward Carson Bonar Law McCarthy. No less.'

"Another time a bundle o' wimmin ran up to Carson wid, 'We'll go to Hell wid ye, Sir Edward.' And what d'ye think th' ould ram o' the North said as polite as can be? 'Tis very nice of ye, ladies, but I don't know why in the divil ye think I'll be going there.'

"I could tell him," said the man at the cross-roads, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the stile, and clapped it in his pocket.

Masked Cavalier

Continued from page 116.

"Then my aunt became ill, and I was hurried away to your house. I never saw the naval officer again. A year later I learned that the man with whom I had had the affair was in trouble. The naval officer with whom I had flirted had spoken slightingly of me. My former lover had defended me. One sharp word led to another, and the end of the matter was that the naval officer got knocked down, and my defender had to resign from the service to escape dismissal."

"Do you mean to tell me that you speak of my son?" demanded Mr. Sanderson, very white and stern-looking.

Geraldine nodded. "That was why he went away. He made up his mind never to come back to the father and the girl who had misjudged him until he could come back independent and bearing a clean name."

"My boy! my boy!" interrupted Mr. Sanderson. "Is he here? Have you heard from him?"

There had been a rustling sound outside the door as Geraldine had spoken. Now it flung open, and his boy came in, followed by Rose who was too excited to speak coherently, but fluttered about the group, making incoherent exclamations, and beaming upon everybody. Father and son clasped hands, deeply moved, and for a moment there was silence.

After the first emotions of the reunited family simmered down to the point where ordinary conversation was possible, Mr. Sanderson insisted on hearing the history of Charlie's years of absence. Briefly, the young man had gone to Canada, enlisted in the Mounted Police, where he had served a term as constable and been promoted to corporal. Then he had the opportunity to "get in on the ground floor" as he put it—an expression that had to be translated for Mr. Sanderson—and made a considerable sum in real estate when a certain new town had gone on the market. He had invested the money in farm land, and with the proceeds of his third year's crop had come back to England to find his father.

After considerable search, he had followed them to Italy, and located them in Rome. Uncertain of his reception, he had given Geraldine a note, one night, and they had laid their plans for his return to the family, in the course of their arrangements coming to a perfect understanding as to Geraldine's future. Now, they were reunited, and it seemed as if everybody could not ask questions fast enough. Mr. Sanderson was particularly interested in the farm, and anxious at once to go to Canada with his boy

"The farm is all paid for, governor," he explained, "everything free and clear. Four hundred acres broken, about fifty head of fine dairy cattle on the place, and as nice a little house built as you'll see anywhere in Saskatchewan. The only trouble about it is that I'm afraid Geraldine won't find any princes in the pantry; but I can't help that."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Sanderson, turning to Geraldine, whose eyes were shining like stars, "I haven't had an explanation of your little excursion last night, but"—Geraldine dimpled mischievously—"on the whole, I don't think I need it

"No," she said demurely, "I don't think you do; and Charlie since you haven't provided any princes in the pantry, I think I shall have to take along one that I found—under a balcony—in Rome."

Spinal Maginnis

Continued from page 108.

them that the decision, which was to be by popular vote, could easily be swung in Spinal's favor if he could only be induced to spread himself.

The literary aspirations of the Upper Third were a joke to the rest of the school, but far from that to those of the competitors who slept in the back-room

Only one day remained before the day when the essays were to be read and Spinal's friends were in despair, while Yankee had gone to the length of writing home to ask if he could not have his monthly allowance two weeks in advance.

Chummy, as a last resort, was imploring Spinal on their way from afternoon school to make one more effort.

"I know what's the matter," Spinal

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exclaimed with a sudden inspiration. "What I need is to put some stuff on my eyes like those Durphys Old Bill read about. I'm going right down to Strong's drug store to see if he has anything like that."

Chummy, hoping to get Spinal home and at work for a last desperate effort, thought the best way was to humor him and so he risked being caught out of bounds and accompanied Spinal to the chemist's.

"Have you any ointment for the eyes?" Spinal asked. "The Durphys that Dr. Tassie told us about had some that was pretty good. I want some like that."

The clerk set a small package on the counter and said with a wink at Chummy. "Twenty-five cents, please. That will do the business."

Spinal positively refused to go to work when Chummy finally got him back to the dormitory. All the others were busily putting the finishing touches to their papers, having come to the conclusion that, since Spinal was clearly out of it, they might as well do their best and try to keep the prize in the room.

Spinal, for his part, devoted himself to unwrapping the box of eye salve and reading the directions, after which he industriously smeared his eyes with the salve. This caused him to look rather watery-eyed at supper, which led Dr Tassie to entertain suspicions of a fight and to enquire what had occurred to make him weep.

Spinal, who had, for reasons of public policy, long sat at Dr. Tassie's right hand, explained that it was just some work which he had been doing in connection with the "littery" competition, at which Dr. Tassie smiled and said he had been told that the backroom presented a somewhat littery appearance of late

Spinal did not respond to this quip of Old Bill's, as he usually considered it good policy to do, but sat absorbed in thought, staring straight ahead of him at Dr. Tassie's desk for the rest of the meal. And when the study hour came, he was again seized with periodic fits of staring at the desk, only desisting in order to scribble feverishly

Dr. Tassie indulgently relaxed his usual rule of exacting industrious preparation for the next day's classes when he enquired what Spinal was busying himself with and was told that it was his assay.

Yes, yes, very true, searching for a trace of precious metal.

Chummy, who sat beside Yankee shook his head gravely and said, "You lose, old man. I only hope Spinal isn't going daffy over it

And indeed it looked like it to see Spinal with his watery eyes sit staring at the desk for minutes at a stretch and then fall to scribbling for dear life

The fame of the backroom boys of Dr. Tassie's house, and their unprecedented activities had been noised abroad among the other houses. Even so, the school was all unprepared for the bewildering succession of literary surprises displayed on the day when it assembled to award the prize

Ranald MacDonald, being at the head of the class, was called first to the platform

He produced a formidable roll of

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to gasp, and plunged "*in medias res*," as follows:

"All peoples in all ages have had their distinctive literatures, written or handed down by oral tradition. From the inspired flights of the Hebrew prophets to the superstitious, grovelling tales of African savages, race is shown in the works of imagination. Even among the narrow glens of my ancestral land, each clan differs in character from its next neighbor. We may perhaps see evidence of this in to-day's exhibition

"There is a sort of traditional aphorism peculiar to the Gaelic in which the characteristics of two clans are set side by side reminding one of the contrasting clauses in the Hebrew proverbs.

"Thus we have 'Mackenzies for shoween off; MacPhairsons for de'il ma' caur,' and also 'MacDonalds for swagger; MacLeans for airs.' What our representative of the clan MacPherson may have in store for us, who can tell? But I have undertaken to give you some insight into the literature of the MacDonald clan.

"There are two ancient Gaelic books in manuscript, which treasured by a branch of the MacDonalds, which have a somewhat romantic history: the Red Book of Clanranald and the Black Book of Clanranald, the composition of the bards of the clan.

"Both have been lost and found again—the one picked up, fortunately by a Gaelic scholar of discernment, in a second-hand book store in Dublin; the other found among the effects of a famous borrower 'Ossian' MacPherson, after his death. And both were finally returned to the Chief of Clanranald, by whose family they are now carefully guarded. Let me give you some translations from these books, illustrative of the proverbial swagger:

"There is no joy without the Clan Donald;
No battle when they are a-wanting;
First of all the clans in all the earth,
Each man of them is a hundred
The noblest clan which you can find
A race as brave as they are peaceful;
The clan whose praise does fill the lands;
Famed for their faith and godliness,
The clan so faithful, bold and brave;
The Clan so swift amid the fight;
The Clan so gentle among men;
And yet in battle none so fierce.

"Quite a swagger picture of the MacDonald and his followers who, according to his claim, were practically everybody, as you would see if time permitted me to read the whole poem.

"But I think I have said enough to prove my point that the character of a race is shown in its literature, and," with a glance at Spinal who was seated complacently at the foot of the class with trouble yet a long way off, "I believe it will be *proved* first and last."

Spinal returned the glance suspiciously, after the manner of frontiersmen and Indian fighters in his favorite literature—therein spoken of as "*askance*"—and wondered if Ranald had any inkling of the 'De'il ma' caur' nature of his composition. As a matter of fact that dreamy youth, having perhaps a touch of Keltic second sight, had made a close guess.

But as Dr. Tassie took no notice of this innuendo Spinal settled back for a season of enjoyment of the efforts of his contemporaries.

Gabby on the Cumaean Sibyl and

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lost opportunities was inspiring Yankee Dickinson on John Hay's Pike County Ballads, with liberal quotations from "The Pledge of Spunky Point" was a revelation; Chummy Jones, Harry Freeman, and the worthies of the Upper Third one and all put forth good, straightforward, if not always brilliant efforts, to uphold the honor of the cla..

There now only remained John Smoke, the young Chief, between Spinal and—what ?

But John was capturing his audience with an account of the Iroquois Book of Rites, and Spinal after passing through a blank space of panic-stricken paralysis, forgot his impending disaster as he became one with the spellbound school

"This," John was saying, "is the address to the shades of departed heroes, recited during the ceremonies of the condoling council and is word for word as it has been addressed to the warriors of my race year after year for hundreds of years, for it has been preserved in records of wampum, carefully guarded by the Chiefs.

"In effect it is a tribute to the superiority of the ancient worthies who founded the League of the Six Nations and a modest confession of the weakness and degeneracy of their descendants.

"What a contrast," he here interpolated, "to the spirit of the Clan MacDonald ! Thus character shows out in literature.

"Now, the League has become old, now there is nothing but wilderness. Ye are in your graves who established it. Ye have taken it with you and have placed it under you, and there is nothing left but a desert. Th.. ye have taken your intellects with you What ye established ye have taken with you. Ye have placed under your heads what ye establish ed —the Great League

"This is the literal translation. A sympathetic scholar paraphrased it thus

"The great law has become old and has lost its force. Its authors have passed away and have carried it with them into their graves They have placed it as a pillow under their heads. Their degenerate successors have inherited their names but not their mighty intellects, and in the fl.. ..which they left, naught but a ..rt rem..

The young Chief finished an impassioned eulogy in praise of the virtues of the red man and was followed with hearty applause as he took his seat.

Spinal must now face his fate.

Dr. Tassie, who felt that the sporting interest of the event was exhausted, remarked facetiously by way of a good finish that they would do well to listen attentively to MacPherson; "he could write as good an essay as any, if he had the mind to," and then sank into a reverie in which he saw the Upper Third, transformed by his inspiring efforts from refractory scapegraces into

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university prize-winners, carrying all before them at the Toronto examinations and thus rewarding him for labors, physical as well as mental, such as he had exerted upon no other class in all his experience, when he realized—could he trust his ears?—that the lazy young varlet's composition was being greeted with rapturous cheers and laughter!

Spinal had been convulsing his hearers with an earnest account of how he had sought the ointment "used by the Durphys in the desert" and had found that it was labeled "Pettit's eye salve." This had startled him with the thought that it was the very thing for his individual case, as he had been called "pet" in his childhood. "Pet, its eye salve!" and so he had trustingly applied it.

The thought of the burly Spinal Maginnis ever having been called "Pet" was ludicrous enough, but when he described the magical way in which, after the anointing, he had seen with his mind's eye "the forbidden treasures of literature" which lay imprisoned in Dr. Tassie's desk, those who had seen the performance remembered the pathetic picture of Spinal with his watery eyes writing against time and they led an outburst of applause.

"Yes," he cried, rushing headlong to destruction, "the defamation of this context which I hold in my hand, is the only officious virgin. It is the choice of our respcted head master and is in his own handwriting—'Seeking forbidden treasures of literature.'"

Spinal's murderous attack upon the Queen's English when his watchful censor, Chummy, was unable to interfere, appalled even those who knew him best. But he was approaching a subject which the stimulus of the maddening applause of his fellows could not swerve him from treating with profound respect, nor from handling with the most correct language at his command—the story of the Red Man in fiction

Dr. Tassie sat grimly and ominously unmoved as Spinal continued.

"Therefore you are about to listen to the only prize assay, 'Forbidden treasures of literature!' I refer to those universally read works, the stories of 'Nick of the Woods,' that scientific hero who scattered his Indian foes by means of fireworks and electric batteries; 'The Silent Slayer,' whose air gun was as mysterious as effective; 'The Iron Handed Trapper,' whose artificial arm always struck terror into the hearts of the pesky redskins when used at close quarters; 'Oonomoo the Huron,' nature's nobleman, whose death at the hands of the cowardly Shawnees after twenty of them had bit the dust, shot by his unerring rifle and, his ammunition being exhausted, he

clove the skull of the twenty-first by hurling his tomahawk in one last mighty effort as he sank exhausted by many wounds—"

Spinal paused to brush away a tear which many believed to be genuine, for it was remembered how he had been found sobbing as he first read the pathetic story, and more than once afterwards until the inevitable confiscation had relieved his feelings from further harrowing.

Dr. Tassie, in common with the whole school, had been swept along on the current of eloquence, but now realized, with a mental gasp, that Spinal had been recounting the titles of yellow-covered dime novels which he, himself, had seized at sight until there had been accumulated a collection which it would be hard to match outside the publishing houses whence they sprang.

Only one thing could happen in such a case of outraged dignity and none knew better than Spinal what that was. Dr. Tassie led him significantly from the hall. And, though his right hand was first numb and then tingling with a thousand shooting pains as when one is emerging from threatened freezing, he felt, as he returned from the front hall, a stout-hearted sense of satisfaction with his bargain and a worthy belief that he would do it again at the same price

Meanwhile, Chummy, with characteristic presence of mind, had persuaded Paddy Moyles, who was left in charge, that it would save Dr. Tassie's valuable time to take the vote in his absence. Slips of paper were all ready on Dr. Tassie's desk and Chummy volunteered to distribute them. This gave him an opportunity to put in some effective work for Spinal and none knew better than Chummy how and when to pull off a coup. He went straight to Mungo Strathbogie, who remained a constant joke and could start a laugh at any time simply by letting his broad Scotch accent be heard. Mungo also, though in the fifth, was chaffed so continually by his classmates that he welcomed the society of the lower school boys as a relief and was unusually familiar for a fifth form boy. Moreover, he was immoderately fond of sausage rolls. What a combination for a politician! Chummy fitted the pieces of his opportunity together as he crossed the room. He whispered:

"Mungo, old chappie, Spinal bets he sausage rolls for our room that he won't win the prize. His gov'nor gives him five dollars if he does win. So five all goes for sausage rolls if he gets stuck. You come in on this. Get on your feet and move that Spinal win."

There was no need to distribute any ballots. Mungo's motion that it was the unanimous sense of this meeting that the first prize should be awarded to the fearless young champion of their imperiled liberties, Spinal Magginis, and the second prize to the Young Chief, John Smoke, for his masterly exposition of Indian character was seconded by a score at once, quickly put by Paddy Moyles, always good-natured and now stimulated to unwonted promptness by Chummy at his elbow, and the ayes were still ringing in a mighty shout, mingled with laughter and cheers, as the distinguished litterateur, all unconscious of the honors thrust upon him, took his seat

Spinal's sporting impulse to win his bet was uppermost when the result was announced. Rising and slapping his second finger on the [illegible] which meant, "Please [illegible] I speak?" he said modestly, "It was the eye salve that did it, sir. I never

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thought about what was in your desk until I got it and then I seemed to see everything there just like the Durphys that you read about, and that was external help."

This seemed far-fetched to everybody and Yankee muttered to Chummy, "I guess we've got him all right. He needn't try to wiggle out."

But Dr. Tassie was glad to clutch at a straw to extricate himself from what was indeed a difficult position. It was clearly impossible to award the prize to the boy whom he had just punished for his essay, so he said, "You are quite right. John Smoke, come forward and get the prize." This proved to be a handsome volume of Macaulay's essays and poems, and as Spinal already had a duplicate of this, received on the only previous occasion on which he had won a prize, he felt doubly justified in his renunciation.

The Grub Committee of the backroom under the astute leadership of Chummy Jones made the very most of a situation fertile in possibilities.

Yankee, who was honorable if improvident, was persuaded to borrow against his expected allowance enough to pay his score at Mrs. Knox's and then in payment of his bet to run up a larger one. As Mungo had done his best, he must, of course, he counted in and treated handsomely at that, and it might be mentioned here that it took Yankee two months to pay the debt.

Then, after solemn consultation Spinal was counselled and induced to draw up a letter to his father giving a truthful account of the competition and of his being awarded the prize by vote of the assembled school. This was certified to by Chummy, Gabby and Harry over their signatures with the additional information that Spinal had with characteristic generosity given the prize to the boy who was second.

Spinal and the Grub Committee in due course called at the local office of the Bank of Montreal to cash his draft, which Colonel MacPherson had doubled to ten dollars because of Spinal's generosity.

Spinal insisted upon being paid in gold, and departed from the bank towards Mrs. Knox's. As he handed the gleaming disk over to Chummy Jones, Chairman of the Committee, he said: "That was something like an assay after all.

"Old Bill said out in the hall that it was in-com-bat-i-ble with human intelligence, and I looked that up and it means undisputable—doesn't it?"

Mrs. Knox, warned by the startling performances at Yankee's treat and encouraged by the unwonted crossing of her palm with gold, had made extensive preparations. But, at that, production and consumption were very evenly matched.

"Alas and alack!" Harry Freeman mourned, as he sadly shook his head at a plate of crisp, brown, oleaginous dainties which Mrs. Knox set before him. "I fear we have all found that absolute zero which Tommy Wright told us about in chemistry."

"Not I," Satan briefly spoke up as he reached for the plate. "I've just made a side bet with Daniel O'Connell that I can eat all of them she can bring on."

"You insatiable fiend, seeking what you may devour," Chummy sternly m squoted. "That bet is declared off. It's positively quixotic for reckless daring, and would be sure to result fatally. What says the Committee?"

Gabby and Harry voted aye, and the plate was torn from the protesting grasp of Satan, as the memorable feast was declared ended.

Mungo sat back with a sigh, and the unctuousness, fairly exuding from his smile and even from his voice, gave a quality almost as of a grace or a benediction to his closing words: "Ony time ye hae seemilar proaposeetions tae pit afore the hoose, ye micht just ca' on me."

The Man Who Used Commonsense

Continued from page 105

western lints of the Canadian Pacific for the last year of his active service with the road. It included the construction of 380 miles of new branch lines, 100 miles of double track, 40 miles of sidings, enlargement by one-third of the Winnipeg shops, laying of 85-pound steel rails on the old M. & N. W. which was being made a part of the main line to Edmonton, establishment of rock-crushing plants in British Columbia and rock-ballasting of the line for hundreds of miles, extensive improvements in Vancouver to accommodate the "Empress" steamers, establishment of the gravity system at Fort William for distribution of cars, replacing of steel bridges now in existence with heavier ones capable of carrying the largest locomotives, and the establishment of railway yards at Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw and Regina. The building of two new steamers for Pacific service was also announced. All of which indicates something of the extent of the system over which Sir William was ruler.

Men who worked beside him twenty years ago tell many stories of the practical common-sense that he brought to bear on the problems of the road from the beginning of his service. The story of the Edmonton oats is one of the most typical.

In his first general superintendent days, the Canadian Pacific was having a world of trouble with its freight cars engaged in carrying oats. There was a large and increasing tonnage of grain to be hauled, and all the rolling stock was needed. Yet the repair shops were in constant receipt of freight cars which came limping in with ruined journals, broken down apparently by overloading. The shops swore at the yard-men, and the division superintendent, with his desk piled up with kicks from irate farmers, swore at the shops. Yet the yard-men accused, arose in righteous indignation and pointed to the load-lines that showed unmistakably above the grain in the cars.

Now a load-line is a mark restricting the capacity of a car, according to the weight of the material carried. Figuring oats at thirty-four pounds to the bushel, which up to that time was the standard weight everywhere, the yard-men had loaded the cars exactly to the load-lines, and by all ordinary laws, the cars were O K.

In the course of time the trouble came up to General Superintendent of

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You need never worry about your hardwood floors or linoleums if they are finished with Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite.

Hard usage and frequent scrubbing won't injure this celebrated floor varnish—even boiling water has no harmful effect.

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Yet, it costs 30% less than any other similar car made

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Yet, it costs 30% less than any other similar car made.

Check up its specifications, the length of its wheel base the size of its tires, the horsepower of its motor, the completeness of its fine equipment, its roomy tonneau; in fact, check every detail, part and piece with the corresponding specifications of any other car in its price class. Then compare the costs and you find—

That the Overland costs you 30% less than any other similar car made.

The motoring season was never better. Roads are opening up in every direction Nature herself, is beckoning you out in the open. All out of doors is coaxing and teasing you to get a car

But!

Buy with discretion; examine carefully this the sturdiest of cars and you will find it, without question or doubt, the most inexpensive car to buy, and the most economical car to operate.

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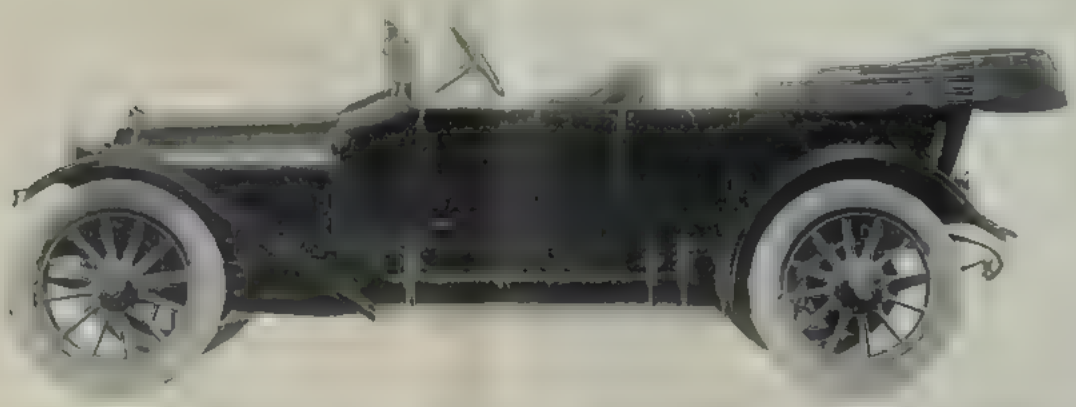


the Western Division William Whyte. He did not swear at anybody. That wasn't his way. He listened to the end and then said matter-of-factly

"Suppose you weigh those oats."

The division superintendent opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, and sought a scale with a bushel of oats. Thirty-four—thirty-six—thirty-eight—Those western-grown oats took from forty to forty-six pounds of iron to balance them, and the mystery was solved. William Whyte had used plain, sane common-sense, which after all is about as uncommon as any other quality of mankind; and in three minutes had settled a difficulty over which the whole prairie section of the line had boggled for weeks.

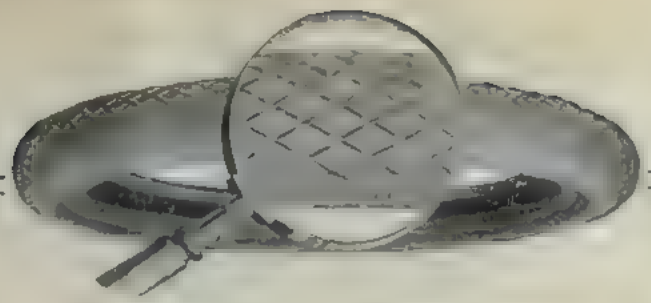
Personality—the quality that made men love him; common-sense—the uncommon variety; administrative ability—the sort that kept the wheels of half-a-continent of line moving smoothly for twenty-five years; a Scotch conscience and an untiring capacity for staying untired—that was Sir William Whyte. When Winnipeg gave him that historic dinner in 1912 he stood up at the banquet table a tall, straight, white-haired, active figure, and told them that he was finished with hard work, not because he was tired, but because he felt he had earned rest.

"For fifty years I have been at work," he said, "and it is time that I be permitted to retire. At the present time I cannot even go out to the golf links without feeling that I am stealing time from the Canadian Pacific."

When a man feels like that after fifty years of labor, twenty-seven of it for one company, it is easy to see how he rose to be vice-president. But the reason for his directorship was still deeper—and it was not until you saw the look in the eyes of Western Canadians when they spoke of Sir William that you understood what the corporation of the Canadian Pacific Railway understood when they made him a director—for sentimental reasons.

For two hours, all that was mortal of Sir William Whyte lay in state at Knox Church in Winnipeg, the city that he had made his home for twenty-six years. In those two hours, five thousand of his fellow-citizens passed through the sacred edifice and paused by his bier to look with the eyes of brothers on the face of the dead. Rich and poor rubbed elbows, levelled in one great common grief

One shabby little woman, leading a two-year-old child, approached the chancel with faltering steps. When she reached the coffin, she suddenly gave expression to her grief in violent weeping. "He was the best friend I ever had," she sobbed brokenly, as one of the officers in attendance gently



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Which Cost You Less Than Most Others

During 1913, the prices on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires dropped 23 per cent

There are numerous anti-skid tires for which you are now asked to pay far more—here in Canada as well as in the United States. So the question comes: Is any tire *worth* more than Goodyears?

THE FACTS ARE THESE

In several ways No-Rim-Cut tires are the costliest tires that are built. They are so costly that when our output was smaller their price was one-fifth higher than other standard tires.

They are the only tires which are final-cured on air bags shaped like inner tubes. This is done to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This extra process adds to our tire cost immensely—an extra cost which no other maker pays.

They are the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation.

They are the only tires made in a satisfactory way so that they can't be rim-cut.

They are the only tires which carry our double thick All-Weather Tread.

THE MILEAGE LIMIT

No-Rim-Cut tires, on the average, give the limit of possible mileage. We say this after years of research and experiment, which have cost us $100,000 per year.

Goodyear experts in these years have made thousands of attempts to build tires that give more mileage. They have tested the new tires against the old in every way they know. And they say that Goodyear tires mark to-day's mileage limit.

WHERE WE SAVE

We save by mammoth output, by efficiency and by modest profits. It is thus we give you tires like these, at present Goodyear prices.

Men have bought, in the past two years, more than three million of them. Bought them because mileage records had proved them the best tires built.

It is easy to build tires worth less than Goodyears, but men can't build a tire worth more

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led her away, "and now he's gone. No one but God knows what he has done for us."

It is probable that never in Western Canada's history has the death of one man been so universally mourned. The city of Winnipeg was silent as the funeral train passed through the streets. The busy hum of traffic was stilled. Street cars shut off their power, teams stopped, curtains were drawn, business was suspended. On all buildings flags at half-mast drooped listlessly. The hush of the leading thoroughfares at one of the busiest hours of the day was impressive. There could not have been a greater demonstration of the regret felt by all classes in the community. Both as a personal friend and as a public servant, Sir William was honored and loved—is still honored and loved, and will be as long as history stands

Greta Greer

Continued from page 104.

somewhere—usually so simple a one that we honest, stupid people who marvel at their cleverness, wonder how they could be blind enough to overlook troublesome consequences, and Maggie was no exception to the rule. Her initial blunder was made when she travelled first class in a stateroom, no matter how small, all to herself. School teachers who go to Germany for an accent, are not usually so reckless with funds. Of course she gave me an excuse when I pumped her, but it needed crutches."

The machine was cleverly arranged against the door, so that either directly or through the mirror, it caught every action of the room's occupant. The first picture of interest showed the girl bending eagerly over the extra edition of the Herald.

"That was the first night on board," explained Cunningham, "so the next morning when she did not go into any particulars or show some sign of knowing anything about the affair, I thought there must be a reason for such secretiveness, and began to take notice. You remember, Dare, how the sheet blew in her face—well, that was an accident—but I took pains to straighten it out so that both she and Mrs. Threckmeyer could see it?"

"Perfectly. And that explains to me now," answered the doctor, "the reason you were so anxious to change the subject when Mrs. Threckmeyer asked whether or not you had anything to do with the case. I saw you were annoyed and did not understand why."

The next picture showed Maggie Kelly sorting her clothes, and pinching her little rosebuds into shape. She

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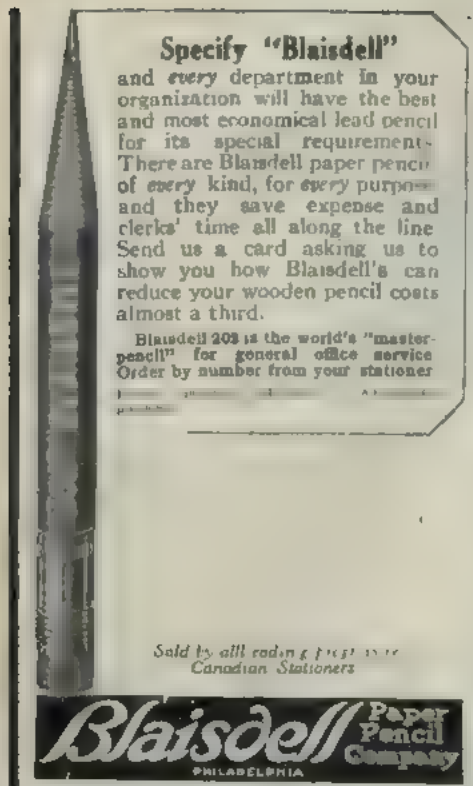
All over the country the people are of one voice in the fight for *"Safety First."*

More than two years ago we were telling motorists that Safety was the First Consideration in buying tires. We knew then, as we know now, that

Dunlop Traction Tread

is the one tire which ensures Safety in automobiling.

DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD having settled the point of the motorist's Safety, the battle cry is now tending to the Safety of "the man on the street." But **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD,** while protecting the motorist in his car, also protects the pedestrian, even if he is negligent in his own regard, because perfect control of the car means perfect control of the situation. The Master Tire is always master of events.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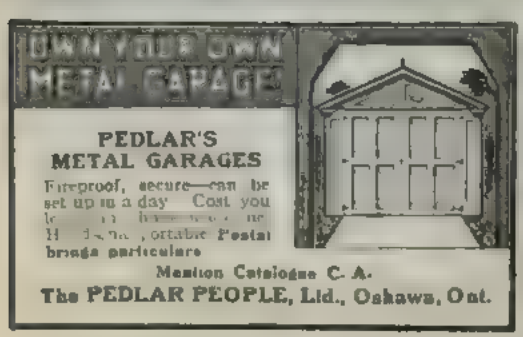
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also made pads for her corsets. These as well as the rosettes, rosebuds and shirrings on her wine colored poplin, were stuffed with gems. She worked nimbly, removing the stones from their settings and putting them in a little leather bag. Another roll showed her ripping the trimming from a hat, and with some delicate instruments (which were kept in a manicure box) extract stones from several bits of jewelry and sew them in the flowers of her hat. The settings were added to those in the bag

There was, of course, a picture showing her leaving the room with her chamois skin bag, which she had left in Mrs. Threckmeyer's satchel.

"I felt pretty sure she was going to do something of the kind," said Billy, "for many reasons. One particularly, because she 'picked' the gems, and it naturally followed that the settings had to be disposed of. Many of them were very cumbersome when it came to secreting them. They were put in a chamois skin bag and another receptacle which you will see later. Miss Kelly was very careful to find out all she could about Mrs. Threckmeyer and Miss Kelly's powers of extracting information are not limited. She also made good use of Clare—Mrs. Threckmeyer's maid—discovering through her that the niece of whom we spoke—"

"Miss Catapani ?" Dare interrupted.

Billy hesitated a fraction of a second then with a queer little smile repeated the doctor's words.

—"Miss Catapani was a member of Mrs. Beaufort's household. I have ample proof," he continued, "that Kelly's first impulse was to hide the jewels in Miss Greer's room, and in not doing so, she made another blunder. I speak professionally, you understand. After the morning on deck when the poor dear lost her head so completely, our brilliant Maggie who never had dreamed of help from that source planned to make use of her. She did this in many subtle ways, about which no one was the wiser, with the exception of your humble servant. Can you connect these photos," he went on speaking rather more to Dare than the other man, "can you connect them with the girl you were watching out of the corner of your eye that first morning on board ?"

In all of her movements she was quick and nimble, it was her occasional attitude of repose which suggested stealth. The opening of a door was sudden—but the standing on the threshold was cat-like cunning.

Perhaps the picture which interested Dare most was of Billy himself, creeping into Maggie Kelly's room and pouring the settings from her leather bag (which was hidden in the sleeve of her storm coat,) into one apparently identical, which he brought with him.

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Roof every building on your farm—house, barn, silo, granary, machine shed—everything with
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This 15-year-guarantee label is on every roll or crate—and the three biggest roofing mills in the world back up the guarantee.
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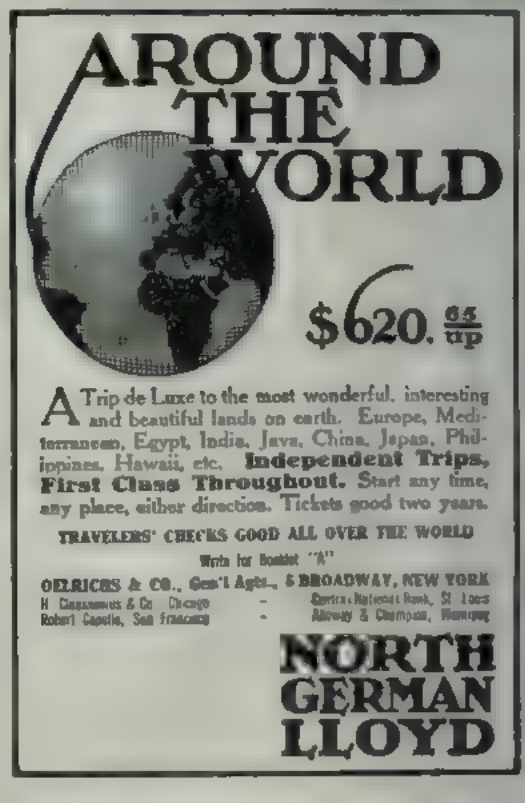
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After making the change, he waved the empty bag and put it into his pocket, then airily kissed his hand to the machine and disappeared

Dare puzzled a long time over this and finally turned to Billy with a question on his lips.

"As I told you," Cunningham explained, "she had made up her mind to get rid of the gold, as well as the least expensive of the stones, and after putting all she thought wise, in the chamois bag, she decided to throw the

rest over board. I deduced this by methods which would have done Holmes credit and by such tiny actions that you would be bored if I told you of them. This idea of throwing the gold overboard was, I am fairly sure, not her intention before leaving, for she was not prepared with convenient 'properties.' See," said Billy turning to his trunk, "there were a great many pieces in the collection such as this—" He held up an exquisite dog collar made of filigree bars and studded with small stones. "What could she do with all that when the passengers were examined on the other side? I imagine she fancied herself very clever when she decided to divide the 'swag,' putting just enough in Mrs. Threckmeyer's satchel to cast suspicion on —er—her or someone else. Do you see her line of reasoning? She did not put merely the 'picked' gold in the bag, she put some of each kind so that it might easily look as though the other stones were hidden. Also, she left no loop hole through which an explanation might be made when detectives questioned the victim. Mrs. Threckmeyer could only say she knew nothing of the jewels nor how they got there and tell the other story."

Cunningham busied himself with the films a moment. "I could not understand just why she did not persevere in her effort to put them in Miss Greer's room, but the reason was this—she simply could not get in Miss Greer's room to hide them—there were several people watching it for reasons of their own. The stewardess for one, the two gentlemen at your table, Ellis, and others. I, myself, caught her making two or three attempts and I had Hobson or the other one hang round the door without, of course, giving the the correct reason for their convenient espionage. This prevented Miss Kelly from carrying out her plans."

"And what about the stuff she threw overboard?" asked Myles

"I'm coming to that. She had this chamois bag with her and only one other thing suitable for her purpose, here, it is—a collar box—fortunately just the ordinary, common, garden variety of collar box with a soft leather top and a stiff bottom. I hadn't one myself, but my friend the Marconi man had. I stained it the same color, *lined it with cork* and made the exchange. She only finished 'picking' yesterday or perhaps late the night before, and last night was the only one left before landing. So you see it looked like a safe gamble that the deed would have to be accomplished then."

He stopped and chuckled. "It was the real excitement of the case—that last watching of her! We walked and talked after dinner, then when she left me I paraded up and down the corridor outside her door talking to Judson who, by the way has grave doubts as to my sanity. When he absolutely refused to be kept up any longer, I sent the stewardess upon one pretext or another to her room until I knew she must be as nervous as a novice at the business. A little after two she left her room—here is the picture—and this one shows her return with a Thank-God-it-is-all-over expression. Had she foreseen the necessity for this wholesale scattering of jewels, I suppose she would have made another mistake and taken an outside stateroom, for she had to carry the box in her kimono sleeve to the deck doorway."

"Were you waiting?" asked the captain.

"Sat on my haunches like faithful Fido," Billy assured him, "and watched I gave my signal to Hawkes, the officer —who is no end of a good fellow, captain—took my little plunge and had the extreme satisfaction of knowing

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For thirty years Tanglefoot has been America's surest, safest, most sanitary fly-destroyer. It is non-poisonous, easy to use, and costs but a trifle. Each sheet is capable of killing 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly but seals it over with a varnish that *destroys the germs* as well. In buying, ask for the genuine "TANGLEFOOT"—it costs you no more and lasts twice as long as the nonsense [illegible] fly paper or sticky fly paper.

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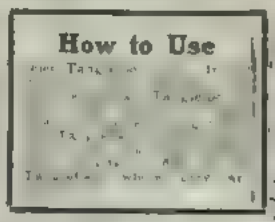

Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

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that the engines were stopping just as I reached the leather box which floated most obligingly. To prevent Judson from being suspicious I had to keep my clothes on, and had no opportunity for doing more than throw off my shoes and coat." He laughed, "I think I prefer the ordinary bathing suit."

"How did the woman get them in the first place?" asked Dare, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Applied as maid some time ago—as soon as the theatricals were decided upon. I understand that Miss Greer wrote a note telling Mrs. Beaufort the combination of the safe in her room. It was quite unnecessary, for Miss Kelly had already rifled it.

"She looked a different person in the uniform of an upper housemaid and wearing a red wig, spectacles and about forty pounds of padding. She was then called Hattie."

"Where is she now?"

"In her cabin, Ellis, my boy, with a stylish pair of bracelets on. I must say she took to them quite kindly; it may not be the first time she has worn them!"

He had been dressing for the last fifteen minutes and now seemed intent upon the fastidious choice of a tie.

"I deeply regret—" he spoke to his own image in the mirror—"I deeply regret that it became necessary to spy upon Miss Greer—and by so doing to learn things which—er—she wished to hide. I now feel that as long as she has no idea the machine was in her room it is rather a useless thing to tell her, for, it goes without saying—" here Billy turned and faced them squarely, "that whatever I discover in my work remains a secret except that which bearing upon the especial case, must be brought to light. I hope you men understand."

"Of course we do!" answered Dare, cordially, "of course! I think you are a wonder, Billy, and as for Miss Greer—well, there will be no more need for secrecy in a few months—she will be entirely cured."

Billy did not give any evidence that he saw it was to Myles rather than himself that Dare spoke. It was part of Billy Cunningham's business and one reason for his success that he saw only such things as he could use upon his cases!

The captain looked up quickly. "I am very glad," he said.

"And now," Cunningham gathered up the rolls, "I must ask you to excuse me. I want to confer with my colleague, the Marconi man, before we land. I shall have to spend about two days in the cable office, I suppose" he sighed.

"But Cunningham," cried Dare,

Continued on page 155

The Weight of a New Broom

Continued from page 95

work in beautifying vacant lots and in encouraging owners of vacant property to do the same.

Formerly these lots were chaotic wastes covered with tin cans and other evidences of satisfied human wants. Now, in the summer time, these waste places blossom forth with every kind of flowering plant and leafy shrub. Instead of the tin can, the old boot and the brick-bat, have come up the snapdragon, the daisy, the aster, the sweet pea, the marigold, the stock, the sunflower and the burning bush. Instead of accumulations of filth, happy producing-grounds of noxious weeds and noxious insects, vexing the eye and the temper of the tired and footsore citizen, smiling and gaily-colored oases have offered mental rest, inspiration and encouragement.

Perhaps there is no direct connection between Winnipeg's famous Assiniboine Park and the Housing and Town Planning Association, but certainly the spirit of both is the same. There is probably no more beautiful pleasance on the American Continent than Assiniboine Park. To many a visitor it has suggested the royal gardens of European capitals. The city fathers of Winnipeg must have been truly inspired, when, some ten years ago, they secured to the people of Winnipeg for all time these three hundred acres of naturally beautiful land on the bank of the Assiniboine River about five miles west of Winnipeg.

Into the natural beauty of the Park have been worked exquisite beds of flowering and ornamental plants, grasses and shrubs. Beautiful walks and spacious driveways have been laid out, as well as a motor speedway. A dozen or more cricket pitches are dotted every Saturday afternoon with flannel-clad figures, while tennis-courts and baseball grounds are also kept permanently in order. The Park boasts a good collection of wild animals, to say nothing of fountains, lakes, rustic bridges and an Italian garden.

So shall you, then, speak of Winnipeg. Much prejudiced, much done that should not have been done! But the day of ruthless disregard well over; the day of roughshod riding over the vital needs of the citizens well passed! The day of carelessness and indifference gone and the day of sane, healthful growth initiated! The materialistic spirit has not been able to stifle and discourage a small band of splendid idealists, of wholesome cranks, who have proclaimed war on ugliness, both

CANADIAN NORTHERN

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(GREAT LAKES ROUTE)

VIA

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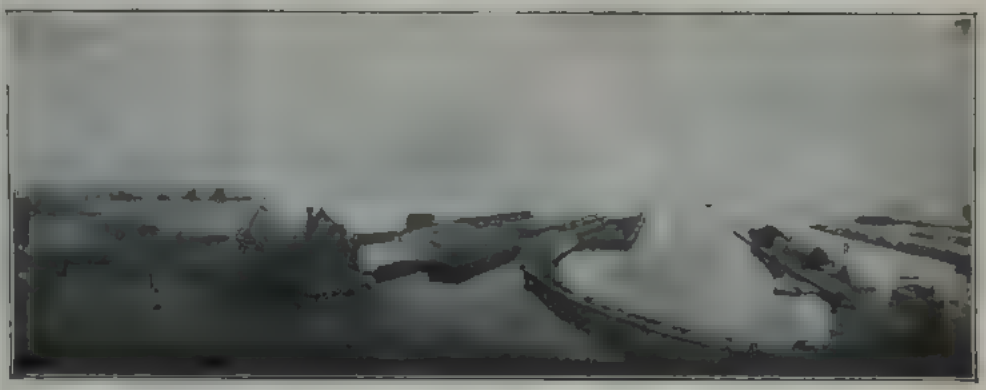

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On the Wings of the Swallow

Continued from page 99

security and the weary, yawning greenkeepers relaxed their vigil unwittingly.

On Saturday and Sunday mornings an entirely different region was attacked. However, news came which solved the mystery of the nature of the enemy with which all true upholders of the faith had to deal. An early riser had seen an aviator skimming the course in a light monoplane and dropping a small pill of dynamite as he passed over each green. The observer was not near enough to make out to a certainty, but judged that the fiend was masked. At all events, he was a man of slim and youthful figure.

"It is time for universal measures," said the president of the Golf Association, calling for subscriptions. The response was as generous as that of the French peasants who went into their stockings and cupboards for treasure to meet the Prussian indemnity. Golfphobes did not hesitate to let their landlords wait for rent and their children for shoes in order to provide a fund for general defense.

Everywhere the cry of the members of the ruined courses was "Rebuild! Rebuild!" with all the fervor of Regina after the cyclone. This proved, said the Golf Journal, that the stubborn spirit of our forefathers still dwelt in our veins. Twenty aviators, with orders "to capture or destroy," were to be stationed at the prominent unharmed courses.

Danbury Rodd gave two of his machines free for the service—not the fastest type, however—and expressed his regret that a rush of business would not permit him to join in the chase himself. Still, Friday afternoon did not find him at his office, but at the central station with Falcon No. 4, which had only one counterpart in lightness and endurance and only one equal in speed, so far as Rodd knew—and that was the Swallow in which

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Tim had risen on his way to Bermuda. Rodd was unusually moody and distrait for him. He paced back and forth; he pottered over all kinds of details which he generally left to the mechanics. But, then, he had been that way ever since the ravages began

It's a bad business, a bad business for aviation !" he kept repeating. "A man like that out of hand -turned devil ! No matter who he is, we must get him, dead or alive—dead or alive !" he concluded, with a wrench as of hidden agony

"And yet you will not try yourself, when you are the one man who could run him down," said Denman, his oldest assistant

"I haven't said I wouldn't," answered Rodd, with one of his quizzical glances through the eyebrows, indicating plans which should be secret until he had tried them out.

Mr. Hutchins, the philanthropist, had given the sod out of his noble lawn—it was like taking flesh out of his side—for the repair of the Sherbrooke greens; and Rodd reasoned that if the destroyer ever read the newspapers he had heard of this deed of sacrifice which was heralded far and wide, and would have his answer ready. Meanwhile, the Sherbrooke greens committee acted on a different opinion. Thinking that lightning and a maniac would never strike twice in the same place, they had put no night guard over those nicely tapped, level surfaces which awaited the puts of Saturday morning

Rodd slept at the aero-station that night and shortly before three he threw open the shed and ran out his Falcon, tuned to perfect readiness, and then went to the sixth green to wait and see if his theory was right. He had with him a pillowcase tied to a bamboo fishing-rod. With the first break of light he scanned the heavens impatiently. Gradually the horizon cleared and afar in the misty blue he saw an approaching plane. As it came nearer he recognized the familiar outlines of his final triumph in building, and he knew definitely that Tim Rainey was not at the bottom of the sea

The Swallow dipped toward the clubhouse, which was hidden by a row of big willows, separating the fifth hole from the tee of the sixth. One—two—three—four—five ! came a series of low explosions, hyphenated by the wicked hum of the Gnome Rodd motor, and then, sweeping over the tops of the willows toward the long expanse of fairway, came a spread of still wings with the swiftness of a searchlight's swinging rays. Rodd sprang in front of the green and waved his flag of truce. He heard the motor stop as Tim took the first bunker and hoped that he had gained the parley which he wanted

—a parley in which he could unhorse Tim from his aerial steed and save him from himself and the law.

"He may be simply pausing to gratify his curiosity, or he may even choose to knock my head off," Rodd thought in that pregnant tenth of a second as the Swallow soared under her headway. Then her wheels laid their track over the dew and she came to a standstill within a short pitch of the green.

Tim lifted his mask with a triumphant grin, stretching all the springy muscles of his agile frame in a fashion peculiar to him whenever he came in from a run. He was looking unusually well and quite natural in every respect, except for his eyes. They were not wild now, but twinkled with the madness of his strange conceit.

"My wonder-child!" thought Rodd, in unrestrained admiration. "My pupil whom I fashioned after my own pattern! They will never know who was guilty of all this folly if you will only let me get near enough."

"Mr. Danbury Rodd, isn't it?" inquired Tim jauntily. "Seems to me I've seen your pictures in the papers as a well-known aviator. Does your flag mean that the Sherbrooke golf course surrenders? There, there! I'm watching you!" He tapped the holster of the revolver at his belt suggestively. "Not a step farther, if you please, or we can't have any talk at all."

Rodd saw that the Swallow was in good condition. It could not have been better if it had just left the tender care of his shops. Somewhere Tim must have fitted up a concealed repair station of his own, for he could not have stopped at any well-known station for overhauling without having been recognized.

"Tim! Tim!" Rodd pleaded soothingly. "Can't you see that I am trying to save you? Think what you were and are and look over there—the landing station! Don't you remember when you came back from Labrador?"

"Before we discuss Labrador, just move your foot back where it was!" And the revolver barrel slipping out of the holster had the same steely twinkle as Tim's eyes. "That's better. Thank you. Now tell me, has the Golf Association struck a special medal for me yet?"

"Not that I've heard of. 'Amateur jealousy,' rejoined Tim, pursing out his lips contemptuously. "Well, I hold the record. I'm the only man that ever holed out in eighteen. Not only that, but I outed the holes."

"Mad! mad! Madder than a March hare wearing the Mad Hatter's hat! Cunningly, shrewdly, superhumanly mad, with every faculty

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strengthened for the execution of the mischief he has in mind!" thought Rodd, exasperated by the consciousness that he was being watched as a mouse by a cat.

"Have the Bishops passed a resolution of congratulation yet?" Tim continued.

"Not that I have heard of," Rodd assented.

"What ingratitude!" said Tim. "What inconsistency, after all the complaints of the clergy of the effects of golf on church going! However, it was always so. No reformer ever was appreciated in his own time. He must fight alone at first, and I have the advantage over Peter the Hermit, who had to walk. If no one sees the danger that lurks in this game—its demoralization to the mind, its economic waste—I do, and I will act. Man is a dignified animal. When he loses his dignity he lapses from civilization. Do you see nothing junglish, no reversion to type, about an elderly judge getting down on all fours to watch a little white ball roll into a hole?"

"And you are going to keep this up?" Rodd asked.

"Until I destroy the game. Then I shall begin on another reform. I will do something for art. Think of a pill on the head of some of our scarecrow statues and other evesores! Think"—he was so cheerful about his mission, so avowedly pleased with himself—"think of a good-sized one on a twinkle-twinkle sign tower! Can't you hear all the broken electric bulbs in a jingling snow-storm as they fall to the pavement! While I don't want to take human life, just a little one that would scatter the plaster in a convention of those grafting politicians would make them think there was a Jehovah on high, after all, and"—he stopped, with a glance which was a mixture of recognition and inquiry past Rodd's shoulder.

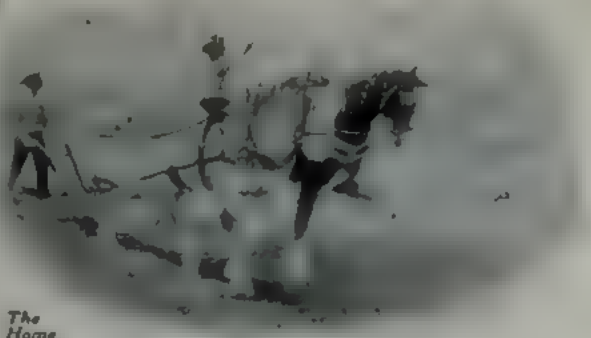
"A lady wishes to speak to you," he added in a careless tone.

"Rodd heard a soft step and turned to see Eunice Walker, bareheaded, ghostly, mindless of his own presence. She, too, had instinctively understood the workings of Tim's mind. She, too, had guessed that he would return to the scene of his first activity that morning.

"Surely you remember me, Tim," she said, and her smile of greeting lay under the shadow of the distraction of her appeal.

But to Tim, regarding her blankly, she might have been any girl in the world whom he had never met before.

"You will excuse me," he said politely, "I must be bringing home a lesson to an individual guilty of a most corrupting example. I must finish the



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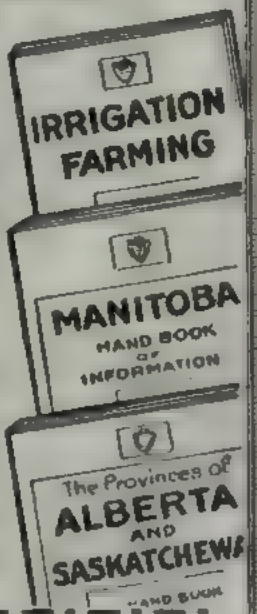

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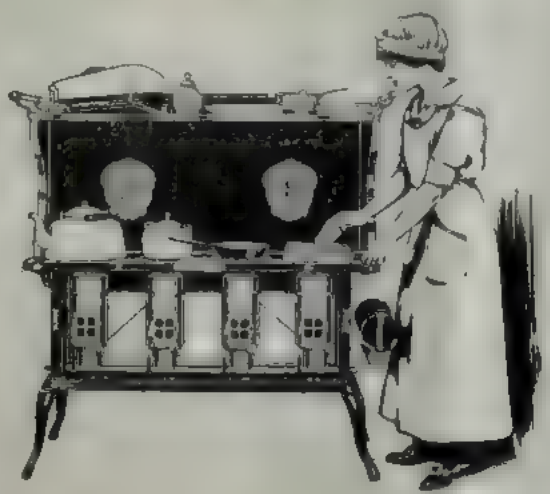

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pulverization of the rest of that crowd's sod."

Had there been anything further to say the whir of his motors would have drowned it. With tilting wing he turned toward the seventh hole. And Eunice caught Rodd by the arm with that kind of a woman's grip which is stronger than man's muscle and will not let go.

"You will pursue?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And I will go with you," she said with a matter-of-fact coolness which was almost uncanny. "I must."

"It is a single-passenger machine; no knowing where this journey will lead or to what end, and though the at. r began in the game of gold, now it . desperate," he objected.

"I can sit between the braces at your feet. I am not afraid." She raised herself to her toe tips with an insistent pressure of his arm. "I must! I must! I am to blame for it all and —and —" she let her secret go in brave abandon, "I love him!"

Her eyes were so near to his that he could think of nothing but their agony, which was too intense, too commanding for him to resist its call.

"Then come. We are the two interested ones in his fate. We will see this thing through together," he answered.

Another series of low explosions began their muffled reverberation over the course as they hastened to the aerodrome. When the Falcon rose they saw the Swallow turning in their direction from the eighteenth hole as it passed over the gleaming, dew-laden roof of the clubhouse; and then the abruptness with which Tim changed his direction was the surest sort of signal that he had seen the Falcon and knew that he was to be pursued.

"If he would only try to shake us off by doubling on his course," said Rodd, thoughtfully, "that would serve our purpose best, as we could take advantage of the angles."

Ascending to an altitude of a thousand feet, Tim laid himself a level path and, laughing at currents and eddies, set his course due northeast with all the accuracy of a liner's on a chart; and after him, as one shot follows another in a groove, went the Falcon. Their speed was something infinite, glorious, that of some controlled meteor across the sky. Directly under the plane they saw only a blur of furrowy, variegated green. Into this melted a witchery of twisting roads and streams, the splotches of villages, the dots of houses, the patterns of fields from the onrushing perspective. It was like running the landscape down a chute which narrowed toward the end. It seemed that nothing of human contrivance could be faster and not explosively snap into

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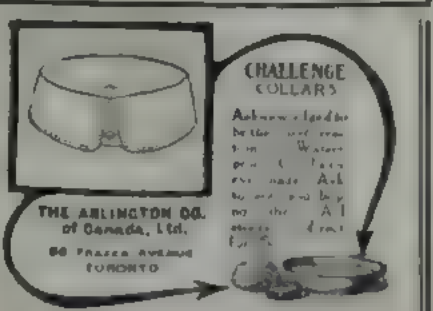

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bits from the pressure of its own velocity

Yet one thing was faster—the Swallow under the hand of the pupil of the Falcon's master. That fascinating target of their velocity which looked still as a fly on the wall of blue, was growing narrower from tip to tip and filmier of outline. Now Eunice made her first remark since they had risen. For all the time she had sat as still as the rods she gripped. She had kept her promise; she was unafraid.

"With the two machines duplicates, it's my weight that makes the difference, isn't it? I hadn't thought of that," she said self-accusingly

"And I didn't. I couldn't, in face of your appeal," Rodd answered good-naturedly. The Falcon was doing her best. No loss of temper, no urging could give her another ounce of power. "Yes, we are losing a mile out of every thirty or forty, I should say. But even if I were of the mind to put you down, which I am not, I could hardly afford the delay."

"And his plan is to go on till he sees that we have melted into the sky and, by the converse, he knows that he is no longer visible—and then he has beaten us?" she asked quietly.

At two hundred and fifty miles an hour—which was the record of 1917—a human being blown across the expanse of heaven feels himself something infinitesimal pinned to infinity by fate, like a beetle on a cardboard. To express a passion strongly is as futile as to cry to Niagara to stop flowing.

"We can only keep going," said Rodd. "We are bound to do that for Tim's sake."

In the distance they saw the upper reaches of the Hudson River. There was the flash of a camera's lens through the blink of a diaphragm shutter and the river was behind them. Ahead, the vast, hummocky carpet of the Adirondacks seemed running on rollers over ridges and under stretches of water between them. The Swallow was the size of a half sheet of note paper, now so intangible that to look away from it was to make sure of not picking it up if you looked back again

Suddenly Rodd stopped the motor Before Eunice could recover from her astonishment they were gliding over the waters of a lake in a deep valley

"It means you have given up the chase!" she exclaimed: and even as she spoke she knew by his expression that he had a new plan.

"I want him to think I have given up," he answered. "I hope to find him at home."

At length they rose and at a more leisurely pace passed over another valley. Rodd nodded toward a healing scar on the tree-clad slope of a high mountain beyond. It was the

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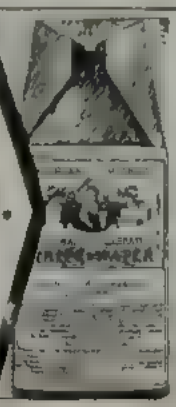

path of a funicular railroad which had led to an isolated hotel at the top, where a famous host had planned a Monte Carlo for picking the plumage of his rich guests. But the law had interfered. His hotel had burned down and the place was now neglected and forgotten.

Coming home together once from Montreal in the two-passenger Albatross, Rodd and Tim had flown directly over the spot. Tim had remarked that a man could have an aviation station there without having his elbows jiggled by curiosity seekers whenever he wanted to screw on a nut head.

As the Falcon came up flush with the crest Rodd saw that he had guessed aright. The recent underbrush had been cleared away from the old yard of the ruins, evidently by Tim's own hand. Rising or alighting, he would seem to any guide or hunter who saw him simply to be coming up from the other side of the mountain or passing over it. The old power house was the shop where he had made his little gun-cotton capsules. He had knocked out the side of the bowling alley for a plane shed, and there, in the landing track which he had made, lay the Swallow, with Tim standing at her side. It was plain that he had seen the Falcon and was watching sharply to see what Rodd would do next.

"You will descend—perhaps we can reason with him now," said Eunice.

Rodd had nothing less in view. There was hardly room for two planes in that narrow place, but he would take the chance. As he circled round to be head on to the track, Tim sprang back into his seat in the Swallow, and as the Falcon's wheels touched ground his were leaving it. He looked back with a smile and a toss of his head, which said "stardust to the stars" and all kinds of wild things; which said that he did not mean to be taken alive and would fight with his last drop of gasoline and the last fluttering rag of a torn plane cloth

Now, to destroy Tim's plant, Rodd reasoned quickly, was not to put him out of business, if he had any capital left. He would simply equip another secret station and, in exasperation over the events of the morning, might proceed to even more dangerous lengths. Pursuit fitted in with Rodd's sense of duty and the impulse of the moment.

The Falcon's wheels had scarcely turned on the ground before she was back in the air. Tim stuck to his old tactics, this time bearing due west. He was gaining at about the same rate as before, but ahead the blue of the sky grew misty, then black. Rodd uttered a cry of triumph, which trailed into a falling inflection of fear.

"Will he go into that thunderhead? If he does in that light machine, not

only shall we lose sight of him, but his plane will surely suffer some damage—if he comes out alive," Rodd proceeded in explanation. "If he turns to make a detour we will overtake him by cutting the angle."

"And that means?" Eunice asked.

"That I may get him awash—it's equivalent to taking the wind out of his sails."

"And then?"

"I could hang over him till he sank to earth, perhaps. But he may rise to interfere and I can't tell, in that case, what would happen to either plane. There! I knew it! His aviator's instinct to beat the storm was too strong!"

For Tim was bearing to the left, preparing to skirt that cloud bank, already shot with forked lightning, as the skipper of a ship skirts a shoal. Rodd looked to Eunice with a question which the eyes could ask quicker than the tongue. Her answer was in kind, in a flash of decision worthy of the situation. It were better that the worst should come there, far from any news-gatherer or gossip, than that he go on to death or capture by the law, and a name which had been covered with honors should know disgrace.

Judging his angle in relation to the speed of the two planes, Rodd directed the Falcon along the hypothenuse, aiming to bring her up with a sharp turn as he approached in a position to blanket the Swallow. The thing had been done before by accident in manoeuvers, with a fatal result to the victim, a new aviator, who had lost his head; but no one had ever had the temerity to try the experiment in practice. But Tim divined the trick, and at the critical moment, when they were so near that they saw his face clearly in its pantherish, watchful keenness, he shot the Swallow upward and her upper plane locked with the Falcon's lower.

Eunice closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the dreadful thing she feared. There was a rocking and a wrenching as she waited, through an eternity it seemed to her, for the end. In fact, only a few seconds had passed before she heard Rodd's warning "hold fast!" repeated, and she opened her eyes and saw the wreck of the Swallow lying on the branches of second-growth pine, while the Falcon, tipping this way and that, like some young bird tumbled out of the nest to find its wings for the first time, came to rest in a clearing

"And Tim?" she gasped, from a dry throat

"And Tim?" Rodd repeated gravely.

Together they ran to the edge of the wood; and neither shouted—they were too full of joy at the sight—but both stood still like a pair of children overwhelmed before Tim sitting upright on a carpet of pine needles, wiping a spot of blood off a scratch on his forehead.

"It's eight down," he was saying, "but if I get a good brassy on this I may do that stick of peppermint candy at his own game yet."

He had gone right back to the point in his career when that wire connection was severed. The bell had stopped its titter, and he did not know that it had ever been ringing, which, the alienists say, is not at all unusual in such cases.

Blinking, he looked around him and greeted Eunice and Rodd dazedly.

"Danny," he said drily, "it looks to me as if there is something that needs explaining."

While he listened to Rodd's account of all that had passed he was engaged in breaking pine needles into tiny, fractional sections. His lips twitched with a smile at times and again stiffened soberly.

"And here you are," Rodd concluded.

"Yes, apparently," said Tim. "Anyway I didn't kill anybody and I'm

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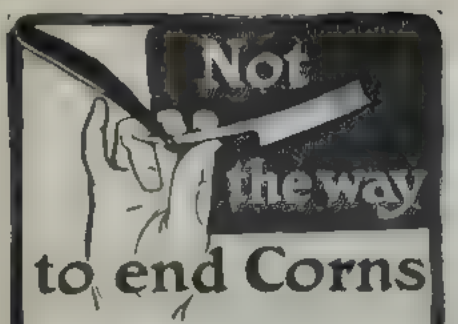

to end Corns

Paring a corn brings only brief relief. And there is danger in it.

The way to end corns is with **Blue-jay.** It stops the pain instantly. Then it loosens the corn, and in 48 hours the entire corn comes out.

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Leave it on for two days, until it gently undermines the corn. Then lift the corn out. There will be no pain or soreness.

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There is nothing else like it. And no man who knows will even suggest any other way for dealing with corns.

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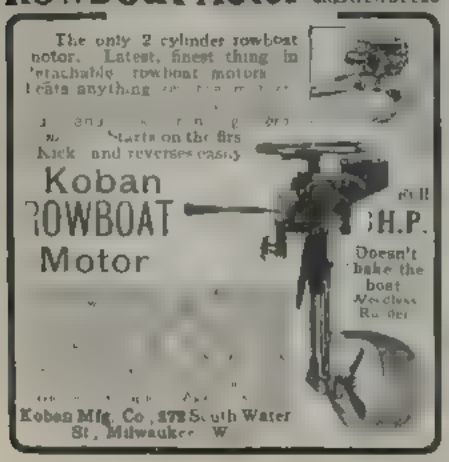


ready to serve my sentence in jail; only—only—" he glanced up to Eunice, flushing.

She sprang toward him, her hands extended; and he was not so diffident, after that demonstration, as to leave further advances to her. The pair were so completely absorbed in their happiness that they were for flying back together in the Falcon, which needed only a rod wound with wire and a plane relaced by way of repair.

"And leave me to walk!" Rodd interjected. "Not so fast! You overlook certain details—certain conclusions which will be drawn by the irate Golf Association from the coincidence of your return and the cessation of the depredations. Tim, you have yet to go to Bermuda."

"Yes, Danny, thou wise one!" answered Tim affectionately.

A few days later the papers announced that Tim Rainey had not been lost at sea after all. He had been driven by the blow which led him to drop that bottle to a small inaccessible West Indian island, which was visited by a steamer every second month. When the reporters tried to interview him at St. John's on his return he had nothing to say except that the quality of the cocoanuts on that island was excellent. Meanwhile, if you are interested to know, Parker Worthington was moodily traversing the links of Europe, unable to get nearer than ten to his record score.

The Silver King

Continued from page 102

room. He was wild with rage. "Come out and show yourself, you damned hound! Come out and meet your doom. Geoffrey Ware," he cried, flourishing his revolver.

Skinner crept up behind Denver With deft movements he pressed a chloroform pad over Denver's face The latter struggled violently for a few moments. Then he fell to the floor, his revolver flung out of his hand. Cripps and Coombe picked Denver up and laid him by the fireside. The revolver they placed on the table

The three glanced at Denver. He would evidently give them no further trouble. They resumed work again.

A moment later light flooded the room. Geoffrey Ware stood in the doorway calmly surveying them.

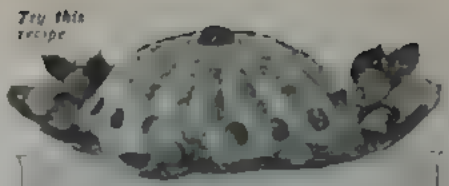
"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Your clerk asked us to come in and spend the evening," coolly responded Skinner, as he picked up the burglar tools and put them in a box. Skinner's movements attracted Ware's attention to the jemmies, and other safe-breaking implements. He caught Skinner's arm as he was preparing to leave. Coombe and Cripps looked on fascinated.

"I want this cleared up," said Ware. "Ah! I see you're thieves. Help! Murder! Thieves!"

Skinner picked up the revolver that had fallen from Denver's hand. Blindly without thought or direction he shot at Ware. The latter sank to the floor without a cry.

A long silence followed the tragedy. Finally, "My God! You've killed



Strawberry Supreme

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add chocolate mixture to 1 pint cream and ½ cup sugar and stir in beaten whites of ... When cold add 1 cup pineapple and ... which have been chopped in small ... also the 1 cup chopped nuts. Serve ice ... long with whipped strawberries ... in sugar.

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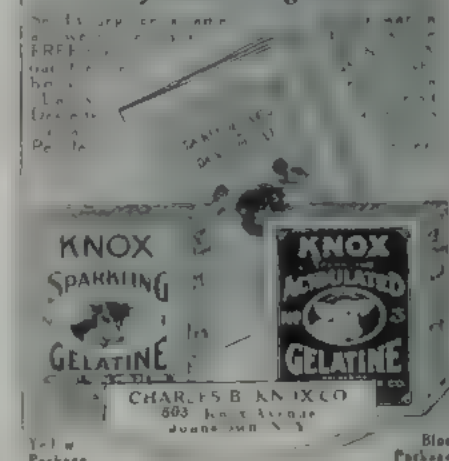

Yellow Package — Blue Package

Branch Factory Montreal Can.

him," said Cripps. "Quick! Let's get out of here!" They started towards the door.

"Not that way," said Skinner. "The window."

Terrified, the trio stepped out on the leads and vanished as silently as they had entered.

Wilfred Denver, unconscious of the drama enacted, lay still silent on the floor. He was aroused by old Leaker, Ware's valet, who had been awakened by the shot. Leaker shook him by the shoulder. The chloroform had not yet worn off. Denver asked Leaker his whereabouts. "You're in Mr. Ware's rooms, sir," he said. Denver told Leaker that he would go home when he felt better. He refused Leaker's proffered aid, and the latter left the room.

Denver sat up and tried to realize his surroundings.

"Get home, you drunken scoundrel," he told himself. "What am I doing here? Get home, you drunken scoundrel!" Denver got up. Blindly he staggered across the room, till he stumbled on the dead form of Ware.

Denver bent down and peered into the face of his rival.

"What's that? It's Geoffrey Ware. What's he doing here? Get up, will you? Ah, what's this? Blood! He's shot! My God! I've murdered him! No, no—let me think. What happened? Ah, yes, I remember now—I came in at that door, he sprang at me, then we struggled. My revolver—one barrel fired—I've murdered him! Geoffrey Ware! Are you dead?"

Eagerly Denver tore at Ware's shirt and felt his heart. "No! No! quite still," he cried in anguish. "He's dead! Dead! Dead! I've killed him! I've killed him! What can I do?" Denver glanced at the upturned face of Ware. "My God! don't stare at me like that!" he screamed.

Frantically he snatched the tablecloth and placed it on the still form. "Close those eyes, Geoffrey. Close those eyes, Geoffrey," he whispered hoarsely. Then, stumbling toward the door, he let himself out, muttering mechanically, "I've done it! I've done it!"

III.

Nellie was waiting for her husband. It was six o'clock, and she had been up all night. The sitting up of nights had made her bonny, rosy cheeks pale.

Denver entered the room. His face was blanched, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Will," cried Nellie.

"Don't touch me!" said Denver fiercely. "There's blood on my hands."

Nellie, with woman's intuition, guessed what had happened.

"You must get out of here quickly," she said.

Denver started voluble explanations. Nellie cut them short. It was not time for whys and wherefores.

Rushing into the bedroom Denver kissed his children good-bye. Then clasping his wife to his arms he stole quietly out the rear of the house. He was none too quick. Detective Baxter knocked loudly at the door. The chase for the murderer of Geoffrey Ware had begun.

One thought fixed itself in Denver's mind. He must away, thousands of miles away. Almost sub-consciously he made his way to the North-western station. Luck was with him. A train left for Liverpool in three minutes. Mechanically he bought a ticket, and boarded the train as it was leaving the station. A minute later Baxter rushed up to the platform. "Gone!" he cried. "Never mind, I'll wire them to stop him at Rugby."

The London evening papers were full that night of the story of the wreck of the Liverpool express. Interest was

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added to the story by the fact that among the dead was supposed to be Wilfred Denver. The front carriage was burned in which Denver was believed to have been. Apparently he had escaped the penalty of his crime.

On the boat speeding to America was Denver. He had jumped from the train, averting a terrible fate. "I'm dead to the world, then," he said as he read a copy of an evening paper. Providence has seen fit to spare me. With God's help I will work out my salvation."

Three years passed by. At home Nellie was living in poverty. Old Jaikes was working his fingers to the bone to provide his mistress with a home and nourishment for her children. By a peculiar irony of fate Nellie had drifted to a tumble-down cottage owned by "The Spider." Eviction was threatened.

Away in the silver mines of Nevada Denver had made good. He was a millionaire, but the money he sent home never reached Nellie.

Honest work had made a new man of him. Sometimes the thought passed through him that there might be some terrible mistake. Often he would wake in the night from the dream that he was not the murderer. "If only it were not true," he would say to himself.

Suggestion became a reality, a fixed thought with him. The agony became almost too great to bear. A great yearning to see his wife and his children came over him. One day Wilfred Denver, now the "Silver King," sailed for the land of his birth.

Nobody recognized the supposed murderer of Geoffrey Ware. He had changed greatly. His brown hair was completely white, a grave and subdued manner took the place of his former hail-fellow-well-met air.

Pupils in the school near the Denver home were singing the old, old hymn of repentance, pardon, peace, as Denver drew near, after private detectives had been employed weeks in searching for his wife and children.

> Then let me stay in doubt no more,
> Since there is sure release,
> Forever open stands the door,
> Repentance, Pardon, Peace.

"The message. That's for me," he murmured. His children came out of the school. They passed him without recognizing him.

"Never, never," thought Denver to himself. "I will go to them with clean hands." The promised delight was not yet. Calling his little daughter to him, he pressed five hundred pounds into her hand.

"Just tell your mother an old gentleman gave this money to you," he told her. Then, with a loving look at the child, he walked slowly away, the problem of redemption still tearing at his heart strings.

IV.

For weeks Denver, disguised as "Deaf Dicky," known in crook land as a reliable messenger on account of his chronic deafness had dogged the footsteps of Captain Skinner and his associates. Instinct had made him believe the problem of that terrible night in Hatton Garden could only be solved by "The Spider," or possibly Coombe or Cripps.

To the latter 'Enery Corkett was

COFFEE
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SEAL BRAND COFFEE
Is, Because You Will Like It
CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL
148

becoming a nuisance. His knowledge that Skinner was the real murderer of Ware he found useful to raise money when needed.

Another question confronted the band of crooks—that of obtaining a reliable caretaker for the snug crib, a deserted warehouse on the water-front where they kept their swag. "Deaf Dicky" was the person they finally decided upon.

Then Denver knew his time had come. It was but a matter of days, he realized.

Corkett became more persistent in his demands for money. Down in the water-side crib he was pressing his claims for the hundredth time. Behind a bale of goods long rotted, Denver stood listening.

"I mean to have fifty quid," he cried.

"Get out of here, you venomous little brat!" cried Skinner, losing his self-control.

"Give it to me, damn you!" shouted Corkett, "or I will betray you as the real murderer of Geoffrey Ware four years ago."

No longer able to restrain himself, Denver leapt up with a terrific scream. "Innocent! Innocent!" he shrieked, deliriously.

"Who are you?" asked Skinner.

"Wilfred Denver!"

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried Coombe.

"The whole world shall not stop me now," shouted Denver, triumphantly. Then, rushing out of the warehouse, he hailed a passing hansom, and drove to Scotland Yard. "I surrender myself on the charge of having murdered Geoffrey Ware in Hatton Garden four years ago," he said quietly.

"You needn't worry about that," replied Baxter. "Corkett was here half an hour ago, and turned King's evidence."

In the little country home that he had bought for Nellie, through Jaikes who had been sworn to secrecy, Denver found his wife.

For a moment she did not know him. Then while the light of recognition lit up her face he held out his arms. As if in some delirious dream that could not be true, Nellie staggered toward him.

"Is it—my Will? My Will—this face—this white hair—my Will alive?" she asked fearfully.

"Nell," cried Denver. Then he folded her in his arms in one long embrace.

"Why does Miss Screamditi always close her eyes when she sings?"

"Well, you know she is so tender-hearted that she can not bear to see any one suffer."

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Begin now to take *your* skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment *regularly.*

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

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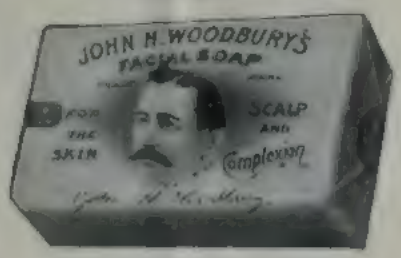

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Greta Greer

Continued from page 138.

rising, "there is still a point which is not straightened out. What had Jean to do with it?"

"Oh, that's another story," laughed the other, still holding the door open. "You see, we had just been lunching together when I was sent for. After I left her, she went back to her rooms in town, where she found her aunt's telegram announcing the good lady's immediate sailing. There was just time to make the boat and rush back to the Beauforts' for a last rehearsal. In the taxi she wrote that enigmatic and apparently incriminating little note, thrust it into Mrs. Threckmeyer's hands and with a hurried kiss dashed off before I arrived. Of course she knew nothing of the robbery then, nor of my sudden trip. In all the worry and excitement she has been a little brick, and I felt pretty sore at the old dame for her suspicions against Jean, that day she rehearsed her past history, in the cabin."

Details of the

Typewriting Contests

held in conjunction with the Annual Business Show at the Arena, Toronto, April 25th and 27th, 1914.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

HALF-HOUR

Name.	Machine.	Total Words.	Errors.	Net Words Per Minute
Margaret B. Owen	Underwood	3,928	32	126
Rose L. Fritz	Underwood	3,864	39	122
Bessie Friedman	Underwood	3,806	32	122
Emil Trefzger	Underwood	3,704	18	120
Wm. F. Oswald	Underwood	3,725	32	119
Rose Bloom	Underwood	3,742	45	117
G. Trefzger	Underwood	3,648	32	116
Parker C. Woodson	Remington	3,626	60	111
Harold H. Smith	Remington	3,583	105	102
E. G. Wiese	Remington	3,507	130	95

CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

HALF-HOUR

Fred Jarret	Underwood	3,444	61	105
Corinne Bourdon	Underwood	3,288	70	98
P. J. Cowan	Underwood	3,379	147	88
Nellie Haskell	Underwood	2,985	153	74
Mary Tharrett	Underwood	2,266	104	58
Thos. Vezina	Underwood	2,350	128	57
Reta Odlum	Underwood	1,595	73	41

THE real value of a typewriter lies in its speed. Speed is the reason of the machine's existence. There may be other good points about a typewriter, but they are simply thrown in for good measure.

IN spite of all the efforts put forth by makers of other typewriters, there is no machine which can equal the Underwood in speed. It has won every Championship Contest.

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"Well," objected Dare, "if she doesn't mind, you need not. The girl is her niece."

"But she is my wife," grinned Billy over his shoulder. "And if you think it over you will see that our bridal lunch together explains the note."

He was off before the other two men could catch him, and as they stepped into the passage, laughing, Greta Greer came toward them.

"I have been looking for you." She did not address either of them particularly. "Mr. Cunningham has just sent me such a nice note telling me about his work. I am sorry for the poor girl—but, oh, so relieved!" As Dare stopped to read the note she placed in his hands, the captain walked a few steps ahead with the girl and he spoke to her softly. For an answer she put her hand on his shoulder and bowed her head without speaking. He seemed to consider it sufficient. "And remember that I believe in you—always," whispered Myles, "always, Greta—" A moment later, when the doctor joined her, her green eyes were full of happy tears.

THE END.

Scissor Snips

My Mama says 'at she found out
  Soon as I bobbed my yellow curls,
Which one *her* black-eyed Susie was!—
  She don't know flowers fum Little
    Girls!

An' goin' home she 'splained to me
  Down in th' high-up grass is where
Ole Mister Snake has got a house,—
  He might come out an' say, "Who's
    There?"

Nex' time I go all by myse'f
  I'll jus' take Rover-dog wif' me,
Ne'n he can 'splain to Snakes an' things
  'Cause *he* is animals, you see!

"What do you mean by giving me such a nasty look?"

"Why," returned the secretary, suavely, "I notice that you have a nasty look, but I had nothing to do with giving it to you."

A stalwart young German applied for a position on a farm. As he walked into the barn he addressed the farmer: "Hey mister, will you job me?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you job me? Make me work yet."

"Oh, I see; you want a job," said the farmer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty-fife dollars I eat myself at Schmidt's."